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Vol. XXI.

MAY, 1899.

No. 5.

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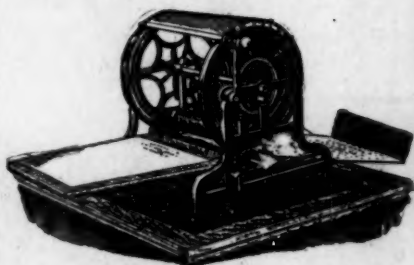
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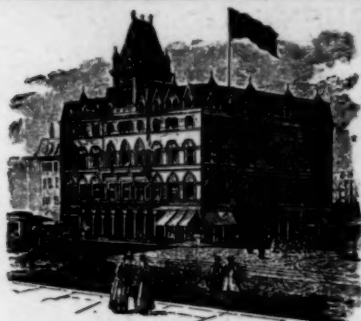
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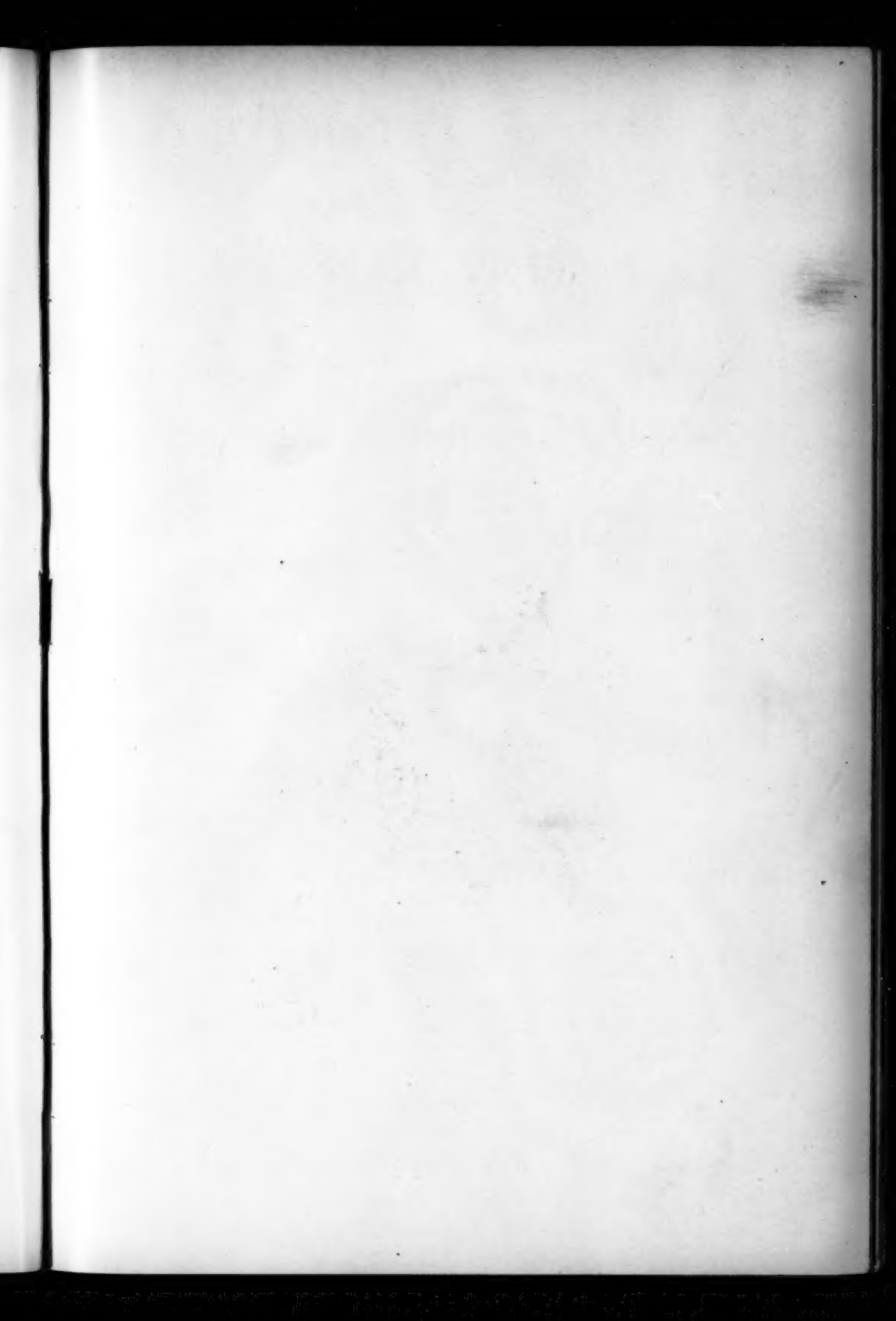
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PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY

THE ARENA

VOL. XXI.

MAY, 1899.

No. 5.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND ITS PROPHETESS.

I. THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

THE closing years of the greatest century have witnessed the rise of one of the most amazing religious delusions of which history has record. While Christian Science, so called, has, despite its deceptive character, been productive of good, due to the germ of truth it contains, found mixed with much that is irrational, that truth has already been incorporated in its integrity into the theory and practice of thousands of people who believe in the power of the mind over the body. There remains, however, connected with the worship of Mrs. Eddy, the author of "Science and Health," a series of false claims and misstatements which have caused the genuine metaphysical movement of our time to be greatly misunderstood, with results of a most unfortunate character. The time has come when, in simple justice, the facts of the case should be made public. Silence, it seems to me, is no longer becoming in those who know the truth, when such silence seems likely to be taken advantage of to deceive thousands of innocent men and women.

The facts of leading importance are these: Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, formerly Mrs. Mary Mason Patterson, of Sanborn-ton Bridge, N. H., is regarded by many thousands of faithful followers as the originator by "divine revelation," in 1866, of the philosophy and practice of mental or spiritual healing, best known in its sectarian phase as "Christian Science."

The followers of the movement recognize only the authority of Mrs. Eddy, and the Bible as interpreted in her authorized text-books; other literature on the subject is prohibited, and her followers are not permitted to affiliate with other organizations. Mrs. Eddy is compared to Christ, whose face is made to resemble hers in a picture where the two stand side by side; her words are deemed the words of the divinest authority, and although she has probably not been a well woman for over forty years, she is believed by her disciples to be perfectly sound and true. The chief tenets of her doctrine are that there is but one principle or spirit in the universe, that "all is mind, there is no matter," "all is good, there is no evil"; and that consequently by those who know this abstract "truth," all seeming evil and disease are dismissable as "errors of mortal mind." It is useless then to complain to a believer in this doctrine that one is suffering, or to ask how one shall succor the poor; for one is emphatically informed that there is no suffering, "there are no poor."

If, now, we ask, Whence came the truth in the doctrine, so far as it has proved helpful as a principle of cure, and how does it chance to be intermingled with irrationality and fanaticism? we find that Christian Science had two sources: only a certain peculiarly worded interpretation of the great truths of mental healing is original with Mrs. Eddy,—the truth itself was rediscovered by Dr. P. P. Quimby (1802-1866), who not only restored Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Patterson, to partial health, in the autumn of 1862, after six years of invalidism, but also freely shared with her ideas which afterwards formed the element of truth in her special "revelation."

Dr. Quimby began his researches in the realm of mind as long ago as 1838, and I have in my possession a scrap-book containing newspaper reports of his wonderful power,* first as a mesmerist, then, for many years before Mrs. Patterson-Eddy first saw him, as a practitioner of the method of silent treatment, now widely known as the mind cure. Dr. Quimby

* Some of these newspaper reports have been reprinted in "The Philosophy of P. P. Quimby," by A. G. Dresser. Portions of the articles contributed by Mrs. Eddy are quoted by Mrs. Woodbury in this issue of The Arena.

first restored himself to health after having been condemned by the best physicians,* and then devoted the remainder of his life to the sick, and to the formulation of the principles which his remarkable cures illustrated. His manuscripts, all of which I have read and copied, and with the contents and dates of which I am perfectly familiar, contain a complete theory of disease and its cure, and although they bear evidences of pioneer work, are nevertheless clearly the product of an original mind, of one in whom the love of truth dominated all else. Yet this friend of the sick, whose remarkable cures were witnessed by many now living, has been condemned as an "ignorant mesmerist" or magnetic healer by the very woman whom he once restored, although she had publicly praised the man and his work, as I shall presently show; while his manuscripts are either called Mrs. Eddy's first "scribblings," or are utterly ignored. Out of this first misstatement have grown reports, enlarged as they passed from mouth to mouth, which have caused the Christian Scientists to brand as deceivers, "incapable of telling the truth," all who know the facts about Mrs. Eddy; while the independent followers of mental healing and all advocates of the New Thought† have been greatly hampered in their labors for humanity by these misstatements, and by the exclusiveness and personality worship of which I speak. It is solely with the hope of removing these strained relations, not with the slightest desire to attack Mrs. Eddy's personality, that I make this public statement.

My father, Julius A. Dresser, was a patient and follower of Dr. Quimby, in Portland, Me., from June, 1860, and was in Portland when Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Patterson, came from Hill, N. H., to receive treatment. He owed the thirty-three years of his life following 1860 to Dr. Quimby, whose ideas he ardently espoused and often explained to new patients, among them Mrs. Eddy. The first mention of Mrs. Eddy in my father's journal is October 17,

* See "The True History of Mental Science," by J. A. Dresser, p. 9.

† See the January *Arena*, p. 28.

1862, and my mother, Annetta G. Dresser, who was cured by Dr. Quimby after six years of hopeless invalidism, was present when Mrs. Eddy was assisted up the steps to Dr. Quimby's office. I have had the acquaintance of those who copied all of Dr. Quimby's manuscripts from the original, and have recently had access to letters written by Mrs. Eddy between 1862 and 1866. My facts are, therefore, first-hand facts, and I could, if necessary, substantiate by competent witnesses and legal testimony all that I am about to state.

(1) Mrs. Eddy was never the secretary of Dr. Quimby, this office having been filled by the Misses Ware, and Mr. George A. Quimby.*

(2) Dr. Quimby was not the author of "Science and Health," which was not published until 1875, nine years after Dr. Quimby's death. His most ardent friends would claim for him only the discovery of the truth of thought-power, of a causative influence in the production and cure of disease, and of the method of silent treatment, during the years 1838-1865; the ideas were his, and frequently the language in which the science was described by Mrs. Eddy; but the published writings of Mrs. Eddy were never claimed to have been written by Dr. Quimby in their final form.

(3) My father lent Mrs. Eddy his *copy* of the first volume of Dr. Quimby's manuscripts, which she may have copied for herself. The articles in this volume were written in 1859-1860, and were followed by articles written in 1861-1865, which Mrs. Eddy probably never saw, but which I have been familiar with since 1883. These articles contain a full statement of Dr. Quimby's theory, with abundant incidents drawn from his practice, references to the Bible, and illustrations from the Civil War, in progress while they were written. The style is very unlike that of Mrs. Eddy, who never could have written them. No one who should read them would doubt the power and sincerity of their author.

(4) The statement made in the Christian Science Senti-

* See "The Philosophy of P. P. Quimby," p. 19.

nel of February 16, 1899, that these manuscripts may have been left with Dr. Quimby "years ago," has no foundation whatever in truth. That they could not have been "stolen from my [Mrs. Eddy's] published works," as Mrs. Eddy suggests, I am ready absolutely to prove. The quotations from these writings which Mrs. Eddy says, "were my own words, as near as I can recollect them," were from an article written by Dr. Quimby in 1863, copied by myself into a book, *which Mrs. Eddy never saw*, from the manuscript book of Dr. Quimby's writings, copied from the original, not a page of which Mrs. Eddy ever saw. The statements of "Eugene Greene," quoted in the Sentinel, that Dr. Quimby "requested us to transform" his "scribblings," "which we did," are also wholly false. These statements entirely misrepresent Dr. Quimby's practice and teaching and his relationship with Mrs. Eddy. Dr. Quimby *did* term his theory the "Science of Health." He also used the term "Christian Science."

(5) No stranger who has visited Mr. Quimby to procure his father's writings has, or ever will have, the slightest success. But the fact that they will not be published verbatim, except under certain conditions not yet fulfilled, is obviously no reason for "daring" their owner to issue them; there are too many who know of their character to doubt that they are precisely as I have represented.

(6) As for the statements in court of Dr. E. J. Arens, referred to in the Christian Science Sentinel above mentioned, I knew Dr. Arens and know also that he never saw Dr. Quimby, and that nothing has ever been settled in court concerning the Quimby manuscripts.

(7) The extracts quoted from Dr. Quimby in the Sentinel are from one of his earlier articles, and do not adequately represent him. He held a very exalted idea of God, quite superior to that of Mrs. Eddy; he did not deny the existence of matter; no friend of his claims that Mrs. Eddy has plagiarized to any extent from Dr. Quimby's later manuscripts, because she never saw the best of them; Dr. Quimby was not a

How can any one claim, how exalted an idea of God either Mrs. Eddy or Dr. Quimby had?



MARY BAKER EDDY.

(After the latest authorized photographic portrait.)

spiritualist, and Mrs. Eddy publicly defended him against the charge in Warren, Me., in the spring of 1864; he did not teach that his treatment was due to the transmission of electricity; * he discarded mesmerism many years before Mrs. Eddy visited him as a patient in 1862; and the "discovery" of Mrs. Eddy in 1866 was, so far as I know, simply the fact that after Dr. Quimby's death, with no one likely to succeed him, she must depend upon herself, since her revered teacher and helper could no longer be called upon, as formerly, to help her out of every little ailment.

(8) The Sentinel quotes a letter from Mrs. Eddy as follows:

"The following extract copied from a letter to me recently received from a well-known Christian Scientist, may at least amuse the readers of our Journal. After doing justice to this subject, I had dropped it, as we naturally turn away from a fossilized falsehood. But evidence and testimony on the side of Truth are always in order, and proverbially better late than never.

'It might be interesting for you to know that Mr. A. J. Swartz of Chicago, went to see the late Dr. P. P. Quimby's son, and procured his father's writings for the purpose of having them published, in order to show the world that your ideas were borrowed from Quimby. After having examined them, to their utter disappointment, it was found there was nothing that would compare in any way to Science and Health; and he, Swartz, concluded that it would aid you too much to publish them, so they were returned to the owner.

'Mrs. Swartz saw and read these MSS. and she gave me this information.

'MARY H. PHILBRICK.

'Austin, Ill., May 18, 1892.'

I am informed (March 26, 1899) by Mr. George A. Quimby that there is "not a shadow of truth" in the above claims. Mr. Swartz visited Belfast, it is true, but *was only permitted to read and copy from the scrap book* containing newspaper references to Dr. Quimby. Mr. Quimby read aloud a few paragraphs from his father's writings, but did not

* The statement to this effect in the Sentinel is entirely false, also the statement that Dr. Quimby owed all his popularity in Portland to Mrs. Eddy.

permit these writings even to be examined by Mr. Swartz. Mrs. Swartz did not accompany her husband, and Mr. Quimby never saw her. I can produce statements in Mr. Swartz's own words to show that Mary H. Philbrick has wholly misrepresented the result of the visit to Mr. Quimby.*

(9) In the same issue of the Sentinel, Mrs. Eddy says :

"In 1861, when I first visited Dr. Quimby of Portland, Me., his scribblings were descriptions of his patients; and comprised the manuscripts that, in 1887, I advertised I would pay for having published. Before his decease, in January, 1866, he had tried to get them published and failed. The quotations contained in the article above—purporting to be Dr. Quimby's own words—were written while I was his patient in Portland and holding long conversations with him on my views of mental therapeutics. Some words in these quotations certainly read like words that I said to him, and, at his request to correct his copy, had added thereto. In his conversations with me, and in his scribblings, the word Science was not used at all, till one day I declared to him that, back of his magnetic treatment and manipulation of patients, there was a Science, and it was the science of Mind, that had nothing to do with matter, electricity, or physics."

The *truth* is, that Dr. Quimby left Portland, in 1865, to rewrite his manuscripts for publication, but died before they were in any respect in shape to offer to a publisher. The statement that "he tried to get them published and failed," is absolutely false. Equally false is the statement that Mrs. Eddy helped Dr. Quimby in any way. The attempt, repeatedly made, to show that Mrs. Eddy taught Dr. Quimby, is utterly baseless, and Mrs. Eddy knows that in such statements, and in her effort to show that he was a mere mesmerist, who once controlled her, she entirely misrepresents one whom she once compared to Jesus, and whom it was once her pleasure to defend.

The statement has been made that Mrs. Eddy was never Mrs. Patterson, and consequently is not the same person

* See "The Mental Science Magazine," April, 1888; June, 1888.

who learned Dr. Quimby's ideas and methods in 1862. But in a letter addressed to the Boston Post, dated "No. 569 Columbus Avenue, March 7, 1883," Mrs. Eddy says:

"In 1862 my name was Patterson, my husband, Dr. Patterson, a distinguished dentist. After our marriage, I was confined to my bed with a severe illness, and seldom left bed or room for seven years, when I was taken to Dr. Quimby and partially restored. I returned home once more to make that home happy, but only returned * to a new agony to find my husband had eloped with a married woman from one of the wealthy families of that city, leaving no trace save his last letter to us, wherein he wrote: 'I hope sometime to be worthy of so good a wife.' I have a bill of divorce from him, obtained in the county of Essex."

I have in my temporary possession a series of letters addressed to Dr. Quimby, which no one except their owner has seen for more than thirty years, until they came into my hands, March 1, 1899. The letters are chiefly of a personal character, and I shall mention them only so far as they concern the public, since it is unnecessary to do more. I shall confine myself to the mere statement of facts, the purpose of this brief statement being to set at rest the question concerning Mrs. Eddy's loyalty to Dr. Quimby previous to the publication of her book.

The first of these letters is dated Rumney, N. H., October 14, 1861, and is addressed by Dr. D. Patterson to Dr. Quimby, soliciting the aid of the latter's "wonderful power" for the restoration to health of his wife, who for a number of years had been an invalid, "unable to sit up." Then follow fourteen letters signed by Mrs. Patterson, bearing dates beginning May 29, 1862, and ending July 25, 1865; and written from Rumney, Hill, and Sanbornton Bridge, N. H., Saco, Me., Warren, Me., and Lynn, Mass. The first is a letter of appeal, expressing "entire confidence" in the "philosophy" of Dr. Quimby, and asking him to come to heal her, since if he

* Compare this statement with one I shall presently make. A letter from Dr. Patterson can be produced in which he simply states that his wife has returned, leaving an unpaid bill, which he promises to pay.

does not save her, she must surely die—after six years of severe invalidism. Then follows a letter from a Hill (N. H.), water cure, where Mrs. Patterson had gone for treatment, as Dr. Quimby could not come to her, which expresses the hope that she may yet reach Dr. Quimby, as she believes herself sufficiently “excitable” to live through the journey. This was in August, 1862, and evidently the journey was made a few weeks later; for in my father’s journal, as I have said above, under date of October 17, 1862, I find mention of her. The next letter, written after her return home, is dated “Jan. 12, ’63,” and refers to the benefit received from a distant mental treatment which removed all her pain in a remarkable way, and speaks of herself as “a living wonder and a living monument of your power,” as a result of which “five or six of my friends are going to visit you.” She hopes soon to accompany her sister, Mrs. Tilton, to Portland to see Dr. Quimby. She says of herself, “I eat, drink, and am merry; have no laws to fetter my spirit now, though I am quite as much of an escaped prisoner as my dear husband was.” The letter expresses firm faith in Dr. Quimby’s theory of disease, and reveals a clear understanding of it. She applies terms to disease which appear both in Dr. Quimby’s manuscripts, and in “Science and Health.” She says farther, “I mean not again to look mournfully into the past, but wisely to improve the present. . . . My explanation of your curative principle surprises people.”

The following letters relate to slight ailments for which Mrs. Patterson solicits Dr. Quimby’s help, express utmost confidence in him, and show that she is spreading his ideas, defending him, defining the difference between his theory and spiritualism, as well as making some effort to apply the healing principle. These letters are also full of gratitude and good wishes, of the love which the student feels for the revered teacher.

In one of these letters, dated, “Saco, Sept. 14, ’63,” Mrs. Patterson says, “I would like to have you in your *omnipresence* visit me [absent mental treatment] at 8 o’clock this

eve if convenient." A later letter is dated Warren, Me., April 10, 1864, and describes a lecture given by Mrs. Patterson, in which she outlined Dr. Quimby's theory, and once more distinguished his teaching from spiritualism. An earnest desire is expressed to engage in a more public work, and applications have already come to her both for treatment and for articles upon the subject. But she declares that she is not yet out of her "pupilage." The next letter expresses a yet deeper desire to realize the ideal of the higher life, to perfect herself that she may help others, and shows warm appreciation of the spiritual side of Dr. Quimby's teaching. There is a noticeable variation in the handwriting in portions of this letter, and in general the handwriting of these letters reveals a variety of moods. From time to time, Mrs. Patterson encloses money in payment for absent treatments. Again she speaks of Dr. Quimby's work as a "science," which has had as clear a demonstration in her case, as any experiments she has "witnessed in clairvoyance." On one occasion she meets an acquaintance who was formerly editor of *The Banner of Light*, to whom she explains Dr. Quimby's philosophy. "He thought you a defunct spiritualist; before I quitted him at Berwick, he had endorsed your science." She quotes from memory, in another letter, the public announcement of her address in Warren, Me., "Mrs. M. M. Patterson will lecture at the Town Hall one week from next Wednesday on P. P. Quimby's spiritual science healing disease—as opposed to Deism or Rochester Rapping Spiritualism." In the first letter from Warren, she reports having said to a friend, when speaking of Dr. Quimby's power, "Why even the winds and the waves obey him." Again, "Dear Doctor, what could I do without *you*." "I will not bow to wealth for I cannot honor it as I do wisdom." The following letter closes thus, "May the peace of wisdom which passeth all understanding be and abide with you.—Ever the same in gratitude." A later letter asks "Who is wise but you? What is your truth, if it applies only to the evil diseases which show themselves. . . . Doctor, I have a strong feeling of late that I ought to

*When my consciousness is flooded with
light, should I not myself be the best and
only judge through what understanding
it came to me?*

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THE ARENA.

be perfect after the command of science. . . . I can love only a good, honorable, and brave career; no other can suit me."

Writing from Lynn, Mass., July 8, 1864, Mrs. Patterson speaks of the severe illness of her husband, earnestly wishing that Dr. Quimby were there to help, and stating that her husband only laughs when she explains the "truth" to him. She closes by asking, "Can you not prevent my taking it, and lend relief to him?" The last letter is the emotional cry of the mother heart, because of the probably fatal illness of her son George, at Enterprise, Minnesota. The same unquestioning faith in the wonderful power of Dr. Quimby is expressed, with an earnest appeal to him to save her son, for whom she expresses the highest regard. There is not in these letters the least attempt to discredit Dr. Quimby's power as a *mental* healer, not the slightest mention of magnetism or electricity, and no suspicion that his treatment is not of a high spiritual character. On the contrary, a longing is expressed to attain as high a level, and there is every reason to believe that the temptation to claim the great new truths as her own, came later when the field was free. It is noticeable, however, that the temperament is one of exceeding susceptibility to the pains of others; there is constant appeal to Dr. Quimby to free her from these sensations, and it is evident that here is the origin of Mrs. Eddy's later theory that people can affect each other by "malicious animal magnetism." There is no reference to an "elopement."

I have shown these letters to trustworthy people who certify that they are in Mrs. Eddy's handwriting, and express surprise that one who formerly held Dr. Quimby in such high esteem, should trample upon his reputation, claiming his hard-won laurels as her own,* borrowing his ideas,

* In the letter to the Boston Post, referred to above, Mrs. Eddy says: "We had laid the foundations of mental healing before we ever saw Dr. Quimby; we were an homeopathist without a diploma. We made our first experiments in mental healing about 1853, when we were convinced that mind had a science which, if understood, would heal all diseases. . . . Dr. Quimby was somewhat of a remarkable healer, and at the time we knew him he was known as a mesmerist. . . . We knew him about twenty years ago, and aimed to help him. We saw he was looking in our direction, and asked him to write his thoughts out. He did so, and then we would take that copy to correct, and sometimes so transform it that he would say it was our composition, which it virtually was; but we always gave him back the copy. [I have already

adopting his method of treatment, and even stating in print that his writings may have been "stolen" from her published works!

It is easy, however, to understand the persistence of the false claims of Mrs. Eddy. Her followers really believe that the truths of mental healing came to Mrs. Eddy by revelation, that Dr. Quimby was a mere mesmerist whom Mrs. Eddy instructed, and that the whole subject of her indebtedness to him was settled in court. Consequently, these misstatements have been passed from mouth to mouth, until nowadays they are repeated in public addresses by innocent people who would be dumbfounded to know that they are false. Yet I can name trustworthy people who could give much more damaging testimony than the above. The evidence is first-hand, and has been carefully investigated by competent scientific authorities. But I have tried to say the best word possible for Mrs. Eddy, namely, that she was once loyal to Dr. Quimby and valued the great truths which he discovered. I must at the same time state, however, that never has man or woman been so idealized, never have a religious leader's followers been so deceived. I have been familiar with the history of the mental healing movement from my boyhood, and have known of one right hand man or woman after another who became undeceived, and separated from Mrs. Eddy; and if half were told that could be told, the exposure would produce an unparalleled sensation.

It may be asked, why have these facts been so long withheld? Why have not these former favorites exposed Mrs. Eddy? Because one and all feared her, were afraid of her "malicious" treatment. Two editors of mental healing publications have had the courage to publish historical statements concerning Mrs. Eddy. But both wrote to me that their business was threatened with ruin if they dared to publish anything more about her. I was informed by one

said that this is absolutely false.] . . . But lo! after we have founded mental healing, and nearly twenty years have elapsed, during which we have taught some six hundred students, and published five or six thousand volumes on this subject, . . . the aforesaid gentleman [my father] announces to the public, Dr. Quimby, the founder of mental healing."

What does "becoming undeceived" mean? In one case it is "falling from grace" and in another learning better. Who will determine these things for me? May I don't accept or reject from myself?

our ideas progress and we are freed into the arena to fight for them. — We are on a higher sense than ever as this life a struggle for existence.

publisher that his receipts fell off one-half from the time he printed certain letters of mine concerning Dr. Quimby. What then could one do when those who needed to be undeceived were expressly forbidden to read one's articles, when one must contend with a powerful ecclesiastical and financial organization? One could only await the time when all things should tend toward the overthrow of this gigantic delusion. The time has come. Within a few months those who know the facts have been besieged by inquirers and those intending to prepare exposés. The disruption must follow, and consequent upon it will come a great reaction in favor of the rational philosophy founded by Dr. Quimby.

HORATIO W. DRESSER.

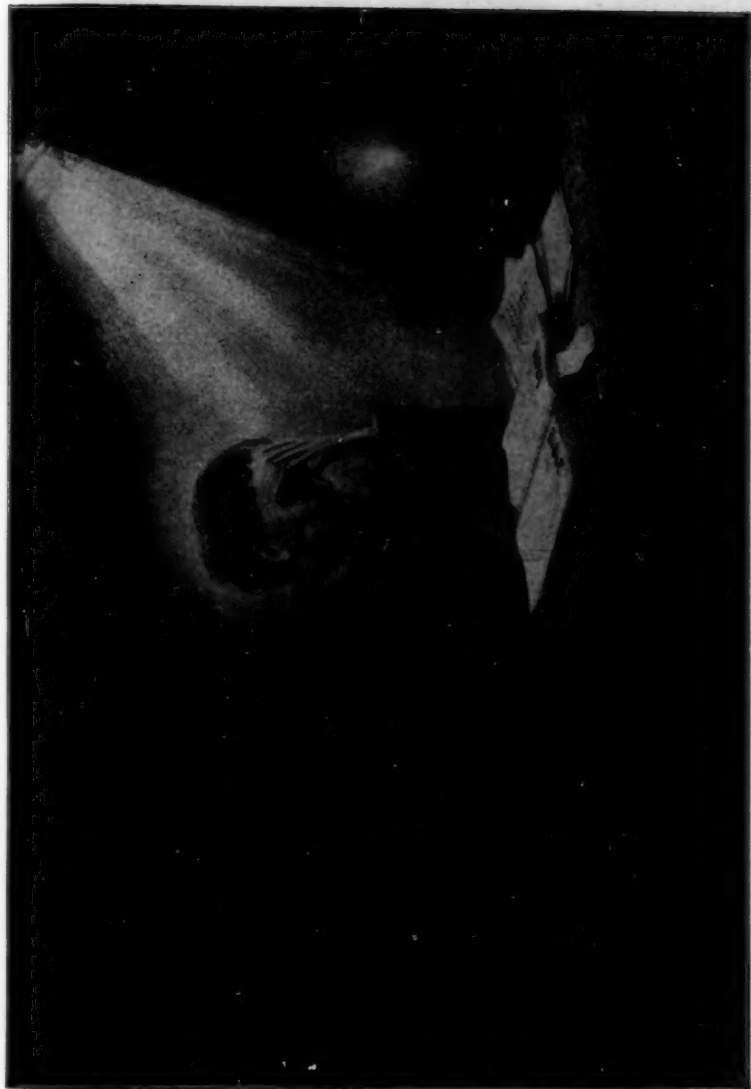
Boston.

II. THE BOOK AND THE WOMAN.

"And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud; and he had in his hand a little book, open: and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth. . . . And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars; and she, being with child, cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered. And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads; and his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth; and the dragon stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born. And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron; and her child was caught up unto God, and to his throne; and the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand, two hundred and three score days."

— *Revelation x: 1, 3; xii: 1-8.*

The followers of Mrs. Eddy assert that these apocalyptic passages refer to Mrs. Mary Mason Baker Glover Patterson Eddy, who was born in the neighborhood of Concord, N. H., nearly four score years ago. In other words, these



MRS. EDDY AND THE SERPENT.

This picture is made from one originally published as an illustration to a poem called "Christ and Christians," by the author of "Science and Health." It is intended to picture the product of the Bible of the serpent, and presents a striking combination of Satan and allegory. While the star and the snake are merely symbolical, the serpent, as well as the altar, the table, the chair, and the candlestick, are historically authentic. In the reproduction in a stained glass window of the "Mother Church," the snake is left out, happily for the effect on the nerves of the worshippers.

devotees maintain that Mrs. Eddy is "The Feminine Principle of the Messianic Expectation" in the nineteenth century; that the man child, born to the apocalyptic woman, is Christian Science; while the angelic little book, preceding this birth, is Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures." An astute critic declares "a woman clothed with the sun" the most stupendous metaphor in any language. Is Mrs. Eddy that woman? Is the moon under her feet, and are the twelve stars on her head? Is she antagonized by a great dragon, ready to destroy her revelation? Is her Christian Science "to rule all nations with a rod of iron"? Has this child been caught up into heaven? Was Portland, Lynn, or Boston the wilderness to which this woman was to flee after her travail; or is her desert to be looked for in her "Pleasant View" estate at Concord, N. H., whither the prophetess of Christian Science retreated some years ago?

Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, from whom Mrs. Eddy learned all she knows of the theory and practice of metaphysical healing, was born in Lebanon, N. H., Feb. 16, 1802, but spent the larger part of his life in Belfast, Maine, where he was well known both for his successful healing, and for his personal goodness. His interest in the power of mind began in 1838,* and his early methods involved mesmerism, clairvoyance, and scriptural laying-on of hands; but a few years later he gave up the practice of mesmerism,† and began to heal diseases by the silent mental method, declaring "Truth" to be the great healer; yet not deriving his theory or practice from the Bible, though rejoicing in scriptural endorsement. In 1859, Dr. Quimby moved to Portland. Let him now speak for himself. In a circular to the sick, which he distributed while in Portland, he says:

"My practice is unlike all medical practice. . . . I give no medicines and make no outward applications, but simply sit by the patient, tell him what he thinks is his disease, and my

* See "The Philosophy of P. P. Quimby," p. 12.

† Ibid, p. 14.

explanation is the cure. . . . If I succeed in correcting his errors, I change the fluids of his system, and establish the truth or health. *The truth is the cure.* This mode of treatment applies to all cases."

In October, 1862, when Dr. Quimby had been four years in Portland, working what were called miracles of bodily healing, there was, one day, assisted up his stairs a woman who declared herself suffering with spinal disease. The new patient was poor; but through the doctor's aid she found a boarding-place near by. Concerning this period we have ample testimony from those who daily saw Mrs. Eddy (then Mrs. Patterson), to the effect that, though claiming to be so well at the end of three weeks, as no longer to need treatment, Mrs. Patterson still went regularly to Dr. Quimby's office to ask him questions concerning his methods. When in her own room she was busily engaged in putting on paper the points she drew from him; and these papers were afterwards corrected by him, if in any way she misinterpreted his ideas.

Now let us hear what the lady said about the doctor in 1862, as well as what she said a quarter century later:

Mrs. Patterson (now Eddy) in Portland Courier, 1862.

When our Shakespeare decided that "there were more things in this world than were dreamed of in your philosophy," I cannot say of a verity that he had a fore-knowledge of P. P. Quimby.

When by a falling apple an immutable law was discovered, we gave it the crown of science, which is incontrovertible and capable of demonstration; hence, that was wisdom and truth. When from the evidence of the senses my reason takes cognizance of truth, although it may appear in quite a miraculous view, I must acknowledge that as science, which is truth uninvestigated. Hence the following demonstration:—

Three weeks since, I quitted my nurse and sick-room en route for Portland. The belief of my recovery had died out of the hearts

Mrs. Eddy in the Christian Science Journal, June, 1887.

It was after the death of Mr. Quimby, and when I was apparently at the door of death, that I made this discovery, in 1866. After that, it took about ten years of hard work for me to reach the standard of my first edition of "Science and Health," published in 1875. (Page 115.)

As long ago as 1844 I was convinced that mortal mind produced all disease, and that the various medical systems were in no proper sense scientific. In 1862, when I first visited Mr. Quimby, I was proclaiming—to druggists, spiritualists, and mesmerists—that Science must govern all healing. (Page 116.)

I discovered the Science of Mind-healing, and that was enough. It was the way Christ had pointed out; and that fact glorified it. My

Mrs. Patterson (now Eddy) in Portland Courier, 1862—(Cont'd.)

of those who were most anxious for it. With this mental and physical depression I first visited P. P. Quimby, and in less than one week from that time I ascended by a stairway of one hundred and eighty two steps to the dome of the City Hall, and am improving *ad infinitum*. To the most subtle reasoning, such a proof, coupled, too, as it is with numberless similar ones, demonstrates his power to heal.

Now for a brief analysis of this power.

Is it Spiritualism? Listen to the words of wisdom. "Believe in God, believe also in me; or believe me for the very work's sake!" Now, then, his (Dr. Quimby's) works are but the result of superior wisdom which can demonstrate a science not understood; hence, it were a doubtful proceeding not to believe him for the work's sake. Well, then, he denies that his power to heal the sick is borrowed from the spirits of this or another world; and let us take the Scriptures for proof. "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." How, then, can he receive the friendly aid of the disenthralled spirit, while he rejects the faith of the solemn mystic who crosses the threshold of the dark unknown to conjure up from the vasty deep the awe-struck spirit of some invisible squaw?

Again, is it by animal magnetism that he heals the sick?

I can see dimly at first, and only as trees walking, the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works; and just in proportion to my right perception of truth is my recovery. This truth which he opposes to the error of giving intelligence to matter and placing pain where it never placed itself, if received understandingly, changes the currents of the system to their normal action, and the mechanism of the body goes on undisturbed. That this is a science capable of demonstration becomes clear to the minds of those patients who reason upon the process of their cure. The truth which he establishes in the patient cures him

Mrs. Eddy in the Christian Science Journal, June, 1887.—(Cont'd.)

discovery promises nothing but blessings to every inhabitant of the globe. This glorious prospect seems to incense some degraded minds, and stimulate their unscrupulous efforts to thwart its benign influence and defeat its beneficence. (Page 116.)

I never heard him intimate that he healed disease mentally; and many others will testify that, up to his last sickness, he treated us magnetically,—manipulating our heads, and making passes in the air, while he stood in front of us. During his treatments I felt like one having hold of an electric battery, and standing on an insulated stool.

His healing was never considered or called anything but Mesmerism. I tried to think better of it, and to procure him public favor. He was my doctor, and it wounded me to have him despised. I believed he was doing good; and even now, knowing as I do the harm in his practice, I would never revert to it but for this public challenge. I was ignorant of the basis of animal magnetism twenty years ago, but know now that it would disgrace and invalidate any mode of medicine. (Page 111.)

Did I write those articles purporting to be mine? I might have written them, twenty or thirty years ago, for I was under the mesmeric treatment of Dr. Quimby from 1862 until his death, in 1865. He was illiterate, and I knew nothing then of the Science of Mind-healing; and I was as ignorant of mesmerism as Eve, before she was taught by the serpent. Mind-science was unknown to me; and my head was so turned by animal magnetism and will-power, under his treatment, that I might have written something as hopelessly incorrect as the articles now published in the Dresser pamphlet. (Pages 109, 110.)

Dr. Quimby believed in the reality of disease, and its power over life; and he depended on man's belief in order to heal him, as all mesmerists do. Nothing is more remote than this from Science,

Mrs. Patterson (now Eddy) in Portland Courier, 1862.—(Cont'd.) (although he may be wholly unconscious thereof), and the body, which is full of light, is no longer in disease.

Mrs. Patterson in the Portland Advertiser, a little later.

P. P. Quimby stands upon the plane of wisdom with his truth. Christ healed the sick, but not by jugglery or with drugs. As the former speaks as never man before spake, and Mr. Quimby heals as never man healed since Christ, is he not identified with truth, and is not this the Christ which is in him? P. P. Quimby rolls away the stone from the sepulchre of error, and health is the resurrection.

Mrs. Eddy in the Christian Science Journal, June, 1887.—(Cont'd.)

whose principle is God, and whose power is vested in its principle, and not in man. In the Science of Mind you find no disease, and no power superior to life, because life is God. This science substitutes, for human belief, the Divine Mind and His power; and it shows that mortal, erring belief has no curative power. The so-called cure wrought through belief, is an effect produced by human will, inducing a state of mesmerism that is worse than the disease. (Page 113.)

How could the same patient discover the power of mind-healing twice, once in 1862, and again in 1866, within a few months of Dr. Quimby's death, which occurred Jan. 16, 1866, at Belfast, Me., whither he had returned, giving up his Portland practice, in order to put his manuscripts in shape for publication? If Mrs. Patterson had been convinced, in 1844, "that mortal mind causes all disease," and in 1862 was proclaiming spiritual science as all-healing, how could she, in 1887, declare that, in 1862, mesmerism and mind science were alike "unknown to me"?

Where did Mrs. Patterson discover Christian Science? In her own body. How? By the action, upon her own mind, of Dr. Quimby's mental methods, which she now declares to have been not mental. Dr. Quimby wrote out in full his opinions and conclusions on the subject of disease, not with the help of Mrs. Patterson, but with that of trusted friends and patients in Portland, some of whom are still living to tell the facts, and have their copies of Dr. Quimby's writings among their most precious possessions.

The following headlines of an article dated 1863, show conclusively the sentiments of Dr. Quimby at that time:

"My Conversion from Disease to Health, and the Subsequent Change from Belief in the Medical Faculty to En-

tire Disbelief in It, and to the Knowledge of the Truth on Which I Base My Theory." *

"My theory teaches man to manufacture health, and when people go into this occupation, disease will diminish, and those who furnish disease and death will be few and scarce." †

On the Fourth of July following, occurred the great Portland fire; before which event Mrs. Patterson had moved to Lynn, whence she wrote this letter to Mr. Julius A. Dresser, who had been one of Dr. Quimby's most apt patients, often explaining the doctor's views to new-comers and to Mrs. Eddy.

"LYNN, Feb. 15, 1866.

"MR. DRESSER, —

"*Sir*: I enclose some lines of mine in memory of our much-loved Friend, which perhaps *you* will not think over-wrought in meaning, *others* must of course.

"I am constantly wishing that *you* would step forward into the place he has vacated. I believe you would do a vast amount of good, and are more capable of occupying his place than any other I know of.

"Two weeks ago I fell on the sidewalk and struck my back on the ice and was taken up for dead, came to consciousness amid a storm of vapors from cologne, chloroform, ether, camphor, etc., but to find myself the helpless cripple I was before I saw Dr. Quimby.

"The physician attending said I had taken the last step I ever should, but in two days I got out of my bed *alone*, and *will* walk, but yet I confess I am frightened, and out of that nervous heat my friends are forming, spite of me, the terrible spinal affection from which I have suffered so long and hopelessly. . . . Now can't *you* help me. I believe you can. I write this with this feeling: I think I could help another in *my* condition if they had not placed their intelligence in matter. This I have not done

* "True History of Mental Science," p. 9.

† *Ibid.*, p. 15.

and yet I am slowly failing. Won't you write me
if you will undertake for me if I can get to you? . . .

"Respectfully,

"MARY M. PATTERSON."

What sort of physicians and friends were these who administered chloroform and ether to a woman taken up for dead? Is not this confusion of thought and terms characteristic?

To her appeal for help Mr. Dresser replied that he had no intention of taking up Dr. Quimby's public work. Of one thing she was assured by his reply, — that Mr. Dresser did not purpose to become their healer's successor. Had this discovery any bearing upon her subsequent actions?

Mrs. Patterson's poem, *written after Dr. Quimby's death*, is here quoted in full from a Lynn newspaper.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. P. P. QUIMBY WHO
HEALED WITH THE TRUTH THAT CHRIST TAUGHT,
IN CONTRADISTINCTION TO ALL ISMS.

Did sackcloth clothe the sun, and day grow night,—
All matter mourn the hour with dewy eyes, —
When Truth, receding from our mortal sight,
Has paid to error her last sacrifice?

Can we forget the power that gave us life?
Shall we forget the wisdom of its way?
Then ask me not, amid this mortal strife, —
This keenest pang of animated clay, —

To mourn him less. To mourn him more, were just,
If to his memory 'twere a tribute given,
For every solemn, sacred, earnest trust
Delivered to us ere he rose to heaven;

Heaven but the happiness of that calm soul,
Growing in stature to the throne of God.
Rest should reward him who hath made us whole,
Seeking, though tremblers, where his footsteps trod.

MARY M. PATTERSON.

Lynn, Jan. 22, 1866.

While it may be no reproach to Mrs. Eddy that her character and conduct show her to have "an eye to the main chance," it comes with something of a shock to find her boldly trafficking in the temple.



The forces of hypnotism work on a great scale in the Christian Science society. Every organization has its own bent of mind; and suggestions, given in that direction, are fatally effective. Let the High Priestess of Christian Science affirm there is no God but Christian Science; no prophet but herself, no book but "Science and Health," and they shout: "Amen! Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Let her say that each loyal student must purchase her five dollar souvenir spoon, and lo, it is done. The use of these spoons is, in fact, urged on the faithful as a means of grace and healing. In the bowl is an etching of Mrs. Eddy's home; from the handle the prophetess beams benignantly. Five dollars is the price for the gold plated variety. In plain silver it may be had for three dollars. A rushing business is also done in copyrighted photographs of Mother Eddy — plain, one dollar each; tinted, two dollars.

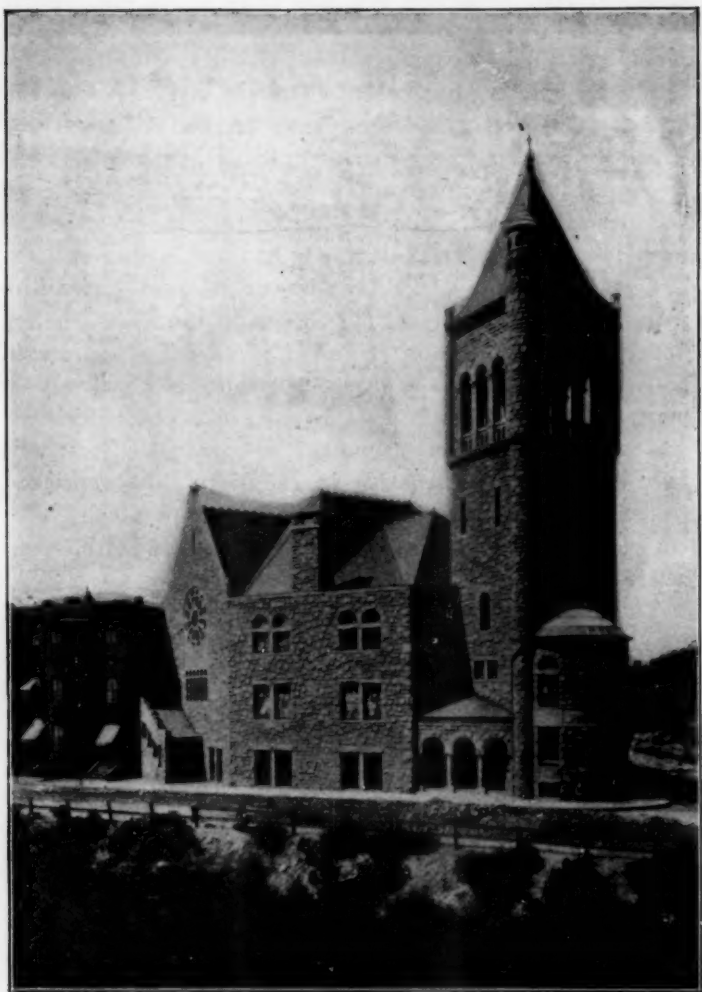
The counter-suggestion to all this charlatanry must come from those who understand the real inwardness of the system; from those who have been long in the toils, like Victor Hugo's hero within the all-encircling and absorbing tentacles of the octopus. The writer has emerged from the toils after many years of close association with the head of the new church.

It is asserted that before her acquaintance with Dr. Quimby, Mrs. Patterson not only believed in spiritualism, but practised clairvoyance. Furthermore, it is capable of proof, by competent living witnesses,—some of whom were intimately associated with Mrs. Patterson in Portland, and in Lynn,—that even after Mrs. Patterson had become Mrs. Eddy, and was teaching her new husband her doctrines, she frequently fell into trances, during which she said very strange and damaging things, though afterwards pretending she had been acting all the while, merely to test her companions.

Certain it is that Mrs. Eddy always denounces spiritualism with peculiar virulence. Nevertheless in the *Christian Science Journal*, June, 1887, she asserted that if she wrote, in 1866, after Dr. Quimby's death, "anything so hopelessly incorrect" as this poem, it must have been because her head was "turned by animal magnetism and will-power"; wherefrom it must be inferred that in 1887 Mrs. Eddy continued to believe in the power of departed spirits to personally influence and even mesmerize people still living on earth,—herself, for example.

There is also ample living testimony, that while in Lynn, Mrs. Patterson held spiritual seances, though this was after her professed ascertainment that Dr. Quimby was all in a fog, and that it had remained for her to discover the true light of mental healing shining through the darkness. Such spiritualistic belief and trances largely account for much strangeness in Mrs. Eddy's life and ways.

When Dr. Quimby was in his grave, and Julius Dresser did not succeed him, as Mrs. Eddy had anticipated, her first step was to practise mental healing, in a tentative fashion; which, at the end of nine years, all being quiet on the Potomac, led to her publication, in 1875, of her first edition of "Science and Health," though she had copyrighted it (as she states in her preface to the edition of 1886) five years before. This first edition is now very hard to obtain, but it is so eagerly sought by her adherents, that it is singular the author does not reprint it as a business specula-



"THE MOTHER CHURCH," BOSTON.

This is the \$250,000 building erected in honor of Mrs. Eddy, and in which texts from her book are printed beside texts from the Bible, while her face is conspicuous in the stained glass windows.

tion ; unless indeed there are grave reasons why she wishes to suppress the edition altogether.

Since that time her book has undergone great changes. In 1883 it was divided into two volumes, like the two Testaments, but in 1886 it was again issued in one volume. The index of 1886 was rearranged a few years later ; and from time to time sections have been taken from and added to the "inspired" work, long passages being carried forward and backward, sometimes a hundred pages.

Nobody claims that "Science and Health" was written by Dr. Quimby, for its incongruous paragraphs and jumble of antagonistic ideas are wholly unworthy of his philosophy. The charge of Dr. Quimby's personal friends and old patients is, that Mrs. Eddy appropriated from him certain metaphysical ideas—not indeed unknown in some form among the ancients and in the Oriental philosophies, but rediscovered by Dr. Quimby for himself, and imparted to Mrs. Eddy between 1862 and 1865, as demonstrated in their essence by him in practical application to the healing of the sick through a long series of years.

It is doubtless true that in some ways Dr. Quimby was "an uneducated man" as Mrs. Eddy says ; but this charge comes with poor grace from one who teaches the supremacy of the spirit that quickeneth over the letter that killeth, especially as her own writings are by no means free from errors that indicate a loose and uncertain grasp of the niceties of her mother tongue.

For instance, in the edition of "Science and Health" of 1886 (page 12) she speaks of her opposition to Gnosticism, but later it appeared that she meant its opposite, Agnosticism. Her citations of scripture are astonishingly inaccurate. In the summer of 1898 she was deservedly ridiculed by the papers for her absurdly erroneous "copyrighted" statement that the word pantheism was derived from the sylvan god Pan, though as soon as she was informed of the blunder by one outside the ranks, she made haste to unsay it ; and the article was corrected by a literary expert, at the very time that the editor

of the "Christian Science Journal" was laboring in print to support her ignorance of the subject.

In 1875 she had not thrown Dr. Quimby's reputation aside so utterly as at a later day. Again we draw the "deadly parallel":

Mrs. Patterson in Portland Courier, 1862.

I have employed electro-magnetism and animal-magnetism, and for a brief interval have felt relief from the equilibrium which I fancied was restored to an exhausted system, or by a diffusion of concentrated action; but in no instance did I get rid of a return of all my ailments, because I had not been helped out of the error in which opinions involved us. My operator (not Dr. Quimby) believed in disease independent of the mind; hence, I could not be wiser than my teacher.

Mrs. Eddy in first edition of "Science and Health," 1875, pp. 373, 378, 383.

Dr. Quimby reached his own high standpoint, and grew to it, through his own, not another's progress. . . . He was a good man, a law to himself. When we knew him, he was growing out of mesmerism.

We knew of no harm that could result from rubbing the head, until we learned it from a student's malpractice; and never since have permitted a student to manipulate. Manipulating the head is a shameless waste of time and opportunity, an abuse of ignorance.

Mrs. Eddy in Christian Science Journal, June, 1887.

If, as Mr. Dresser says, Mr. Quimby's theory (if he had one) and practice were like mine, purely mental, what need had he of such physical means as wetting his hands in water and rubbing the head? Yet these appliances he continued until he ceased practice; and in his last sickness, the poor man employed a homeopathic physician. The Science of Mind-healing would be lost by such means, and it is a moral impossibility to understand or to demonstrate this Science through such extraneous aids. (Page 110.)

Mr. Quimby never, to my knowledge, taught that matter was mind; and he never intimated to me that he healed mentally, or by the aid of mind. Did he believe matter and mind to be one, and then rub matter, in order to convince the mind of Truth? Which did he manipulate with his hands, matter or mind? Was Mr. Quimby's entire method of treating the sick intended to hoodwink his patients? (Page 111.)

If in 1875, nine years after Dr. Quimby's death and her alleged great discovery, Mrs. Eddy still used outward methods, why might Dr. Quimby not have done the same thing, without her condemnation in 1887?

In 1881, Mrs. Eddy moved from Lynn to Boston, living first at 569, and afterwards at 571, Columbus avenue, until, in 1887, she purchased a house in the fashionable Back Bay

district, 385 Commonwealth avenue, near the Leif Ericsson statue.

As soon as she was well settled in the city, she organized a Christian Science church, at first holding services in Hawthorn Hall, on Park street, overlooking the Common — the "Church of the Holy Elevator," as a newspaper critic profanely termed it; and later in Chickering Hall, 153 Tremont street. About the same time she established her Metaphysical College and her Students' associations, enlarged "Science and Health," published several smaller books, and set in motion the Christian Science Journal.

In 1882, her fourth husband, Dr. Eddy, died. The physician who conducted the autopsy says that the death was the result of distinctly developed heart-disease; but Mrs. Eddy declared that it was the effect of arsenical poisoning, mentally administered. At this time Mrs. Eddy even urged the present writer to represent to Wendell Phillips, an old family friend, that Dr. Eddy had been mentally killed by former students, now antagonistic rivals, whom he had not seen for months and years.

This is only one instance of the large and constant place in Mrs. Eddy's mind occupied by the power to poison people through thought vibration. The quality of mind which discovers and invents is not necessarily accompanied by the capacity for commercial organization. This is exemplified in the case of Dr. Quimby, whose humility seems to have been equalled only by his native purity of heart.

In her church, journal, and school Mrs. Eddy sought the aid of sundry helpers, in various capacities — as book agents, preachers, editors, professors, literary critics, Sunday-school teachers. With most of these she eventually quarreled, when they refused to do the work, while she took all the credit, allowing them small right of private judgment. Among these helpers may be named Isabel Beecher, Dr. E. J. Arens, Richard Kennedy, Frank G. Mason, Rev. Joseph Adams, Rev. William I. Gill, William G. Nixon, Mrs. Sarah H. Crosse, Mrs. Ursula Gestefeld. Three of her more recent

leading assistants, however, Rev. L. P. Norcross, Rev. D. A. Easton, and General Erastus N. Bates, died while serving in Christian Science pulpits. Dr. E. J. Foster, aged forty-two, was legally adopted as a son and took the name of Eddy in 1887, but is no longer in the Christian Science camp, having turned his back on Mrs. Eddy and all her works to engage in an honest mercantile business in Kansas, resuming his proper name.

Some of these aides-de-camp were brought from different points, as far off as California, only to find themselves leaning on a broken reed, in the person of their superior, the moment her jealousy was aroused by their increasing usefulness or popularity.

In order to keep her power, Mrs. Eddy was forced to grasp boldly at authority divine. Interwoven with "Science and Health" is indicated her theory of divine inspiration. In taking counsel with helpers, she would say, "When God speaks, I listen; and sometimes he speaks to me through you."

She soon had herself privately ordained to the ministry, by her own students. When she preached, the hall was crowded, and contribution-boxes much better filled than usual; though this did not often happen, for generally Mrs. Eddy preached only three or four times a year; and, even then, her sermons were as like each other as dried peas, though the admiring Dorcases, Priscillas, Sapphiras, Johns, Peters, Melchisedeks, and Keturahs whispered their rapt adoration to each other, "Wasn't she splendid today?" ecstatically unconscious that they had heard substantially the same address six weeks before.

When others preached, she occasionally attended the church whereof she was nominally a pastor, and took some part in the service. Once she held a baptismal service without water, though her memory failed her in repeating the formula prepared by herself; and sometimes there was a communion service, without wafer or wine. Most Sundays, however, she worshiped God in the privacy of her own home. If wonder was expressed at her absence, the adoring

*The highest Love is opposed by the
lowest hate.*

disciples replied, "How could she, the divinely inspired, bear to hear ordinary preaching?"

Her invisibility increased her repute; and, whoever the speaker, the congregation joined in her extraordinary version of the Lord's Prayer, replete with turgid polysyllables from the Latin, and a bewildering admixture of pronouns and tenses. If she could not be present, her brief telegram was received with adulation by hundreds who had never met her. Soon she forbade students calling their Christian Science teachers by the name of "Mother," as had been their wont. Herself she styled "Mother Mary"; and the behavior of the raptured throngs rivaled the enthusiasm of the populace over a returned hero. *An impartial, postscripter would say that that is only worthy of praise.*

In 1889, Mrs. Eddy ostensibly gave up her college, and, retired to Concord, N. H., at the very period when a Massachusetts district attorney was looking for evidence of that institution's illegally conferred degrees, of which there were thousands, punishable with a fine of five hundred dollars for each offense. Is this the reason that for ten years Mrs. Eddy has not visited Boston on a week day, when she would be subject to arrest?

From Concord she issues her edicts and manifestos. Multitudes go thither to worship at her shrine; and are satisfied if they do not even touch the hem of her garment, but only see her from afar, as a beatific vision, while she speaks a few commonplace words, or repeats the Ninety-first Psalm, ere she turns her back on her visitors, and is accompanied by her liveried secretary on her daily drive in a close carriage, keeping off every draught that might cause her to catch a New England cold.

The Mother Church grew valiant, despite one or two dissolutions, till, in 1895, the granite building on Falmouth street was erected, at a cost of some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; in it a "Mother's Room" was elegantly fitted for Mrs. Eddy's special occupancy; though it is not always open to ordinary mortal eyes. Occasionally the "pastor emeritus" comes from her rural retreat to bless the gazing

It is fortunate that humanity has for once again a holy shiver, for it stands sorely in need of it.

*Why sneer, when one human being has
gained the divine respect and love
of a large number of honest people
who feel a divine satisfaction
in giving expression to it?*

adorers, who rise when she emerges from her sanctuary, and only resume their seats when she is enthroned in the pulpit.

Again they remain standing after the benediction, till she re-enters her Holy of Holies, where she may hold sacred communion with the life-like picture of the old chair in which she claims to have been sitting when writing her inspired volume, until time for the carriage to take her to a special train.

With the opening of the new church came a new commandment, that thereafter the Bible and "Science and Health" should be its only pastors; no original discourses being allowed, only readings, by a man and woman alternately, of presumably corresponding passages from the two sacred volumes. Until a recent date this was the only Christian Science church allowed within some twenty miles of Boston; and this rule ensured two great congregations every Sunday, the second service duplicating the first; just as on the dedication day, January 6, 1895, the exercises were repeated four times during the day.

Much has been heard about a "Bible Commentary," on which Mrs. Eddy was said to be at work as far back as 1887, requiring time and attention she would otherwise devote to church and journal. As yet this commentary has not seen the light.

No sect prospers without a devil, rational religion being ever for the hopeless minority. Dr. Quimby knew no devil, since to him all things were divinely planned and planted. Christian Science started without a devil; but Mrs. Eddy could not control the multitude, and so fashioned a Mefisto in a new dress, and christened him "Malicious Animal Magnetism."

Demonophobia — the fear of demons, the fear of witchcraft — is the better name for the Christian Science disease; for its advocates are crazy with the fear of a Satan of their own making; and this fear is stimulated by Mrs. Eddy's constant allusions to the subject. "If you cannot take up Malicious Animal Magnetism," she said to one of her editors, "you can't handle my magazine." Nowhere does

demonophobia thrive with such virulence as in this sect of people, who cross themselves in the name of Mary Eddy.

"Divide and rule," was the motto of an astute statesman. So long as the barons fought each other, King John was safe on the throne; but when they united, Magna Charta was obtained. There was no Revolution till our thirteen colonies united; and afterwards the idea of state sovereignty nearly cost us the Union. Richelieu united the French provinces on the ruins of feudalism; but united France speedily cast aside the Bourbons; as United Germany will some day disown Prussian dominance. When a scoundrel would wreck a corporation for his own interests, he first sets his partners at loggerheads.

When Mrs. Eddy bids her followers abjure books, papers, magazines, or anything literary except the Bible and her own book, one feels that she would fain exclude the older inspiration in favor of the new. "Prove all things; hold fast the good!" is the scripture exhortation; but Mrs. Eddy says: "Hear me, and rest content; for this is God speaking through Mary!" *only in this manner was truth ever received.*

This "Mother Church" of Boston, has a roll of twelve thousand members from all over the country; but its affairs are lodged in the hands of the forty "First Members," and its control is practically lodged in a Star Chamber Sanhedrim of Seven, unless its manual has been recently changed, as oft happens.

How is the Christian Science organization maintained? Partly through the conviction that deeds are right because the leader does them, rather than that she acts thus and so because it is right; that ideas are true because she utters them, not that she utters them, as Jesus did, because they are true. Buff and blue rebels are denounced as enemies to God,—that is, to his chosen "Wonder in Heaven;" and untoward events are attributed to the hypnotic malice of somebody who has had wit and courage to leave the ranks.

With this motto, "The King can do no wrong," the Stuarts lost the English throne. Said one of Mrs. Eddy's pastoral colleagues: "If I saw Mrs. Eddy doing something I thought

*Poor human creature, that cannot see his
neighbor poor or prosper without saucy comment.*

wrong, I should know it was my blunder, not her error, for she can do no wrong." Faith in a leader being absolutely implicit, whether the leader be Joseph Smith, Mohammed, John Noyes, El Mahdi, or Mary Eddy, any departure from the dictator's demands engenders a contagious fear, difficult to analyze. Reason loses its hold on the mind, logic and common sense go to flinders; and their prerogatives are usurped by a semi-hypnotic subconsciousness easily influenced by an evil hint, which stultifies the intellect, and leads into baleful subservience. Mary Eddy has no use for people who think. Each grim suggestion in her interest, must infect her crowd of believers, among whom it spreads like wildfire. Those who differ from their teacher, through greater light as to her motives and history, are pronounced devil-possessed, and capable of producing contagious horrors, till the very thought terrifies the devout, and they think restraint, or even injury, to such a one, is service to God; especially if the error can be dealt with mentally, although the treatment involve gross bodily injury.

In her latest pronunciamiento, Mrs. Eddy decrees that one special gentleman shall be her successor in the dictatorship, if she changes not her mind. Why choose any successor, if Christian Science heals death? Many followers believe that Mrs. Eddy has declared that she will never see death, but tarry till the Lord come to his own — in Principle, not in Personality.

Note Mrs. Eddy's remarkable deductions from the discoveries of Professor Agassiz:

"The propagation of their species without the male element, by butterfly, bee, and moth, is a discovery corroborative of the Science of Mind, because it shows that the origin and continuance of these insects rest on Principle, apart from material conditions."* An egg never was the origin of a man, and no seed ever produced a plant. . . . The belief that life can be in matter, or soul in body, and that man springs from

* "Science and Health," edition of 1886, p. 472.

dust or from an egg, is the brief record of mortal error. . . . The plant grows not because of seed or soil." *

To what diabolical conclusions do such deductions lead? One may well hesitate to touch this delicate topic in print, yet only thus can the immoral possibilities and the utter lack of divine inspiration in "Christian Science" be shown.

In "Science and Health," edition of 1885, we read the following :

"Should mortal mind adopt the appearing of a star for its formula of creation, the advent of mortal man would be signaled by a star."

The substance of certain instruction given by Mrs. Eddy in private is as follows :

If Jesus was divinely conceived by the Holy Ghost, or Spirit, without a human father, Mary, not having known her husband,—then women may become mothers by a supreme effort of their own minds, or through the influence upon them of an Unholy Ghost, a malign spirit. Women of unquestioned integrity, who have been Mrs. Eddy's students, testify that she has so taught, and that by this teaching families have been broken up ; that thus maidens have been terrified out of their wits, and stimulated into a frenzy resembling that of deluded French nuns, who believed themselves brought into marital relations with the glorified Jesus, as veritably the bridegroom of his church. Whatever her denials may be, such was Mrs. Eddy's teaching while in her college ; to which she added the oracular declaration that it lay within her power to dissolve such motherhood by a wave of her celestial rod.

The selfish celibacy of nuns and clergy, Christian or heathen, with consequent ecclesiastical interference in family life, have been, and are, mischief-breeding blunders, fatal alike to morals and health. One result of this interference on the part of Mrs. Eddy is that Christian Science families are notably childless.

In the preface to "Science and Health," issued in 1886,

* Ibid., pp. 437, 446, 447.

page 10, is this note: "The authoress takes no patients, and has no time for medical consultation." If students failed to cure, that was because of their weakness. Their leader "never failed." Yet why should not the inspired teacher herself heal, since the process is spiritual, and surely easy to one so close to "Infinite Mind and Principle"? Example is stronger than precept. There are those living who affirm that the stupendous miracles she related to her first Lynn pupils, as having been wrought by herself, — such as raising a dead child, — were borrowed from Dr. Quimby's own cases. It is even said that Mrs. Eddy never herself healed a single case; though her students may have healed many, and to them she has always referred applicants for help. If Mrs. Eddy, as she claimed, healed the Prince of Wales in 1882, through his royal mother, — his Royal Highness' alleged immoral character not allowing Mrs. Eddy to help him directly, — and if she could have healed the assassinated Garfield, but for the malicious interference of the recreant Kennedy and Arens, as she has also asserted, why then should she not heal, if not all mankind, at least her loyal students and the great and good leaders dying all around us?

Very tenacious is she of the paradoxical title carved on her Boston church, "THE DISCOVERER AND FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE." Surely a "Discoverer" cannot be the "Founder" of that which she has been under the necessity of discovering; while a Founder would have no need of "discovering" her own foundation. What she has really "discovered" are ways and means of perverting and prostituting the science of healing to her own ecclesiastical aggrandizement, and to the moral and physical depravity of her dupes. As she received this science from Dr. Quimby, it meant simply the healing of bodily ills through a lively reliance on the wholeness and order of the Infinite Mind as clearly perceived and practically demonstrated by a simple and modest love of one's kind. What she has "founded" is a commercial system monumental in its proportions, but already tottering to its fall.

JOSEPHINE CURTIS WOODBURY.

Boston.

Of I shall not believe Mrs. Eddy's assertions, why should I believe all that Mrs. Woodbury says?

ILLUSTRIOUS LUNATICS.

AT a moment when the grave sociological problem of the insane engages so much public attention and excites so much anxiety, and scientists and specialists are busy discussing the pros and cons on both sides, it may be interesting to bring to mind a few of the most remarkable personages who were either actually mad, or whose mental deformity and moral depravity were such as to qualify them for place amongst the abnormal classes. At any rate, notwithstanding the "divinity" that, it is said, hedges kings, some plain speaking on the subject may have its uses.

The verity of the aphorism expressed in the line, "Great wits are sure to madness near allied," has many striking examples. Some of the greatest and most distinguished characters in the world's history had the taint of insanity in them. Acts of unutterable depravity, criminality, and cruelty, and fits of frenzy more or less frequent and protracted, evidenced the existence of mental disease; and woe to any one who offended or resisted the mighty madmen in their paroxysms of insane fury. The royal families of the ancients, like those of modern times, were nearly all tainted, in spite of the intellectual brilliancy and eminent abilities of their distinguished founders. Amongst the masses, mental unsoundness was then of rare occurrence, so far as we know from history; but frequent enough amongst the classes, and especially amongst the rulers, to prove the fact, well understood by psychologists, that the unrestrained exercise of despotic power, and the inordinate and illicit indulgence of sensual passion, destroys the dominion over self, and, especially when coupled with the habit of intoxication, inevitably leads to mental deterioration, general paralysis, or lunacy. According to many distinguished writers, the insane taint, once established, remains in the blood, is ineradicable, and is transmitted from generation to generation, until the race becomes ut-

terly degenerate or extinct. It does not follow, however, that every individual member of an infected family will show insanity, or that every generation of such family must necessarily produce insane persons, for there is abundant evidence that the germ of madness has lain dormant for generations, and when exciting causes have arisen has developed; just as the mummy wheat of Egyptian tombs retained its vitality for untold ages, to germinate and fructify when again surrounded by favorable environments.

One of the most remarkable instances of illustrious lunacy of a hereditary character, in ancient times, is that furnished by the family of the Cæsars. It would seem as if the insane taint originated with the great founder of the dynasty, who was afflicted with epilepsy, and, according to some writers, abandoned himself in his younger days to vice and intemperance. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in his work "The Tragedy of the Cæsars," attributes this allegation to the malice of his enemies. It has to be borne in mind, however, that at this period depravity was fashionable with the patrician order in Rome. There was no limit to their excesses. Rich, luxurious, and lovers of pleasure, they devoted themselves to gross sensual indulgence without any restraint, and the inevitable followed. The youthful Cæsar would have been more than mortal if he had not yielded to the temptations by which he was surrounded on every side. He, moreover, when forced to fly from Rome, while yet in his teens, resided for a considerable time at the corrupt court of Nicodemus, King of Bythnia, where immorality was rampant, and riotous living the rule. It is on record that Cæsar's moral conduct while at this court was afterwards made a charge against him by Cicero and others, and became the talk of the town in Roman society. That he divorced his wife Pompeia is matter of history, which, of course, involves a charge against her, not him; but then it has to be remembered that he is stated to have entered into improper relations with many of the noblest ladies of Rome. From the history of the period it appears that Roman society had sunk to the

lowest depths, and that, with a few rare exceptions, the patricians were all tarred with the same brush.

Cæsar's daughter, Julia, is said to have been a woman of the worst character. She had a son who was idiotic, and several others of the immediate descendants and collateral branches of the family were hereditarily infected. It is unnecessary to go much further in this direction to show how moral brain-poisoning brought down the curse of insanity upon the Julian race, and how, even in the case of pagans, the sins of the parents were visited upon the children "to the third and fourth generation," and beyond. It will answer the purpose merely to recall a few memorable names in proof of how relentlessly Nemesis pursued the Cæsars to the end. Augustus, the nephew and successor of Julius Cæsar, whose nobility of character seems to be too readily taken for granted by many, was a ruthless despot. So far from being an upright and virtuous ruler of his people, he despoiled the citizens to enrich his soldiers, and spared neither man nor woman in pursuit of his ambitious designs and the gratification of his sensual desires. Casting his eyes upon the young and beautiful Livia, he compelled her husband to divorce her, and, in order to marry her, divorced his own wife, Scribonia, the mother of his daughter Julia, who was destined to transmit to posterity, with the lineage of the Cæsars, the hereditary taint of insanity—that maniacal fire which burned so fiercely in the veins of Caligula, and was eventually extinguished in the blood of Nero. The infamous life of this daughter of Augustus shocked even pagan Rome. He himself had her arraigned before the senate, and, as we read, "That terrible trial was the most revolting revelation that had yet taken place of the moral turpitude eating like a cancer into the heart of Roman society." One is lost in wonderment how Augustus, with his own antecedents, could bring himself to submit the evidence of his daughter's guilt to the public tribunals. The fact may be taken as proof that his own mind must have been altogether unhinged when he did so. The stream being poisoned at its source, the whole of

the Julian dynasty, from the founder onwards, had the curse of "the evil tree" upon them, for blood will tell. Is it too much to say that the mighty empire of Rome, like others before it, fell to pieces, shattered into fragments by the depravity and madness of its rulers, rather than by the default of its citizens? "*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat!*"* Christianity having been founded in the reign of Augustus, when the world was overspread with a moral leprosy that degraded human nature below the level of the brute creation, it is evident the Divine founder, in setting the lesson of poverty, humility, self-sacrifice, and personal purity of life, intended by precept and example to counteract the deadly evils which prevailed.

Alexander of Macedon furnishes another example of how the exercise of absolute power and the unrestrained indulgence of sensuality act upon the brain, destroy the faculty of self-control, harden the human heart, impair the understanding, and finally overthrow the reason. Numerous instances are recorded of Alexander's senseless savagery and bloodthirstiness. History credits him with sighing for more worlds to conquer, but his insanity was of the homicidal type, and his longing was not so much for extended dominion as for more people to massacre. It is related of him that after the capture of Tyre he caused an immense number of persons, including non-combatants, to be put to death in cold blood. Nearly twenty thousand inhabitants of Sangala were butchered by his orders after the city had surrendered; and his barbarities at the taking of Gaza were diabolical. The faithful friend and mentor, Clitus, to whom he was under so many obligations, fell a victim to his drunken ferocity; and when his intimates, Parmenius and Philotus, laughed at him because he claimed to be the son of Jupiter, he had them put to death. Another illustrious lunatic was Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon. The inscriptions recording his victories give a terrible account of the massacres he committed. He was a lycanthrope, imagining himself to be a wild beast, and took a diabolical

* "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

pleasure in the sufferings of his victims, torturing them with every conceivable circumstance of cruelty, and causing multitudes to be flayed alive in his presence, that he might gloat over their agonies.

Saul, the first of the Jewish kings, was another illustrious lunatic. His madness, however, took the milder form of melancholia, and was soothed by the music of David's harp.

Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, presents another instance of insanity brought on by self-indulgence and the abuse of absolute power. He was guilty of horrible crimes and wholesale massacres, during which he caused multitudes of human beings to be burned alive. He ended his infamous career by committing suicide.

But enough of the insane royalties of ancient times. To come down to our own days, it is notorious that most of the imperial and royal families of the present day have "the mad drop" in them, notably the Russian, German, Austrian, Danish, English, Portuguese, and Bavarian. The conservation and hereditary transmission of the insane taint in all of these is assured by frequent consanguineous marriages. In fact, it may be said that all the royalties of Europe are so married and intermarried amongst each other that there is considerable difficulty about fixing the degrees of relationship between their numerous members. Uncles, aunts, and cousins are jumbled up in a tangle that only the Herald's College could be expected to unravel. Those who are responsible for the making of such matrimonial alliances seem to ignore the fact that consanguineous marriages, especially where mental disturbance has already manifested itself, on either side, are not only fraught with danger to posterity, but are certain to produce evil results psychical or somatical. The offspring of such marriages are rarely perfectly sound. If not mentally unbalanced, they are not mentally vigorous, or else they are afflicted with physical imperfections, malformation of the limbs, scrofula, defective organs of speech, hearing, and the like. A recent writer in an American magazine, writing on "The Lesson of Heredity," says truly:

"The best illustration is afforded by the uniform history of royal dynasties. Founded usually by some person who combined rare and desirable hereditary tendencies, they are perpetuated by tradition, under an enervating environment, to whose undermining influences are added the like influences of marriages of expediency, and often consanguinity, until in a few generations the inevitable result is reached, of ill-balanced offspring, often brilliant in certain directions, as often insane." *

The imperial house of Russia furnishes a good example of Dr. Williams's postulate. Ivan the Terrible was nothing less than a violent lunatic. Had he been an ordinary mortal he would undoubtedly have been shut up, and ended his days in an asylum for the insane. Peter the Great was an epileptic, a drunkard, and a bloodthirsty tyrant. He left a legacy of all his evil qualities to his daughter Elizabeth, who was so dissolute and corrupt that her actions could only be accounted for by mental aberration, of which moral depravity was the outcome. So, in the case of Catherine, generally known as the Great, who led a life so shockingly debased that, looking back on it from this distance, she also must be regarded as having been morally insane. Her son Paul, who succeeded her, became in the end a violent lunatic; and his subjects, wearied by his acts of cruelty and oppression, put him to death. His son and successor, Alexander, was, toward the end of his life, a victim of melancholia, and died in that state. Nicholas was of such an ungovernable temper that at times his frenzy amounted to temporary insanity. The mind of the late emperor was supposed to be quite unhinged from fear of the Nihilists, and it is said his death was caused by his fears.

The terrible tragedies in the Austrian and Bavarian royal houses are so recent as to be within the memory of all. With regard to Bavaria, what the responsible statesmen could have been about in allowing a madman like Louis II. to squander the substance of his people, to the extent of millions, upon licentious men and women, and in building palaces and castles in out-of-the-way places, is inconceivable.

* Dr. H. S. Williams, *North American Review*, September, 1893.

England, also, can supply many types and instances, not only of hereditary ruthlessness and moral depravity in her sovereigns, but of insanity. The life of Henry VIII. was an uninterrupted career of crime, cruelty, lust, and murder. A gross sensualist and voluptuary, his conduct toward his many queens, whom he did not hesitate to put to death one after another, when he grew tired of them, was such as to qualify him, if sane, for the hands of the executioner; and, if not, for a cell in a criminal lunatic asylum. His daughter, Elizabeth, despite her conspicuous abilities as a sovereign, showed clearly the hereditary taint. Her relations with men, and especially with Essex and his subsequent fate, proved her to be "her father's own daughter," while her savagery in beheading the hapless Mary Queen of Scots, after keeping her in prison for twenty years, can only be attributed to the ruthless and sanguinary disposition inherited from her vicious and depraved parents.

It is well known that the royal family of England is tainted on both sides. George I. and George II. drank to excess. There can be no doubt whatever, that their intemperance sowed the seeds which developed into positive insanity in George III. We have it on the authority of Moreau, that he received insane patients daily at the Bicêtre, of whom he says: "I can trace the origin of their malady to nothing else but the habitual intoxication of their parents."* Morel, another distinguished alienist, says: "My researches bearing upon this point coincide with those of authors who have remarked that the degeneration of the species is more frequent in countries where fathers and mothers are addicted to habitual sottishness."†

A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* of April, 1895, gives expression to the following strange idea: "There is some consolation in the thought that before the beginning of the twentieth century probably it will be a proud distinction to be sane." This utterance is, of course, hyperbolic; neverthe-

* "La psychologie morbide dans ses rapports avec la Philosophie de l'Histoire," etc., pp. 157, 120. Paris, 1860.

† "Traité des maladies mentales," pp. 579. Paris, 1860.

less, when it is seen, according to official returns, that the registered insane have increased from 14,680 in England and Wales to 96,446 in less than two generations, and that provision for lunatic asylum accommodation, great as it is, cannot keep pace with the annually increasing numbers, there is a certain significance in it.

If all persons who are spoken of as having "a slate off," "a bee in their bonnets," or as being "a wee bit daft" were to be included in the category of the insane, the result would be rather startling.

The mantle of the manslayers, to whom reference has been already made, seems to have fallen upon the shoulders of another Eastern potentate, the modern lycanthrope, or wolf-man, whose wholesale massacres of his own subjects have excited the horror and indignation of the whole world; but have only, so far, called forth feeble and ineffective remonstrances from persons in power, who may be supposed to know the science of ethics or the duty we owe to our fellow creatures, a duty which they not only too often neglect, but violate. "The divinity that doth hedge a king" seems, however, to have thrown its glamour round the bloodthirsty and fanatical scoundrel who rules over that delicious land,

Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime.

Where the maidens are fair as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine.

To ordinary minds it seems inconceivable that the atrocious Turk has been permitted, near the close of the nineteenth century, when electricity, steam, and the newspapers keep the world informed day by day of what is taking place, to butcher thousands of Armenian Christians, men, women, and children without let or hindrance, in broad daylight. It goes without saying, that the army or fleet of any one of "the high contracting powers," as they are pompously called, could stop the imperial madman's career, and put him into a straight waistcoat at once. The only wonder is, why they do not.

The question may be asked, Is Abdul Hamid mad? Judged by his life, one of sensual excesses, and by his savage treatment of his Christian subjects, he is not only insane, but a criminal lunatic, qualified in every way to rank with the inhuman monsters of antiquity. Taking all things into account, he may be set down as the most illustrious lunatic that has appeared upon earth from the days of Nero to the present time.

Since the above pages were written, a pamphlet of a most extraordinary character, composed by one who signs himself "Dinshah Ardeshir Talearkan," has reached my hands. The writer hails from India, and his modest aim is to whitewash Abdul Hamid and all his works and pomps. He says: "It will be a lasting disgrace to Europe, if it ever thinks of destroying the Caliphate"; and goes on to suggest that Europe "must insert itself into the dominions of Turkey, merely to co-operate with Abdul Hamid in suppressing such ravages and outrages as Anatolia and Constantinople, for instance, recently witnessed." The answer is, that Europe has already lavished more than enough of blood and treasure in trying to buttress the crumbling ruins of the effete Turkish empire, with all the foul and loathsome environments by which the insane despot who governs it, is surrounded. "*Delenda est Carthago.*" The cup of iniquity is full to overflowing. Assyria, Greece, and Rome; Babylon, Carthage, and the kingdom of the Pharaohs fell to pieces because of their internal putrescence. The decrees of Providence cannot be evaded. The mother of Nemesis was appropriately named Necessitas—punishment is the necessary consequence of crime.

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THE DIVINE OPULENCE.*

ALL about us is the Divine Opulence. Nature is lavish. Nature never hoards, nor scrimps, nor pinches. Nature is never sordid. Nature, filled to overflowing with Life, overflows, and pours forth her treasures with an opulent carelessness worthy of the inexhaustible Energy of which she is the visible expression.

Animals rest in the Divine Opulence, unconsciously. They do not take anxious thought for the morrow. Instead, the divine spark within them, which men have named instinct, teaches them where to seek their food and shelter. The vegetable world "toils not, neither does it spin," yet we have but to lift our eyes to behold a wealth of living abundance all about us expressed in rock and cliff, in river and sea, in grass and trees and flowers, in clouds and stars and skies, —yes, in every spot of nature that man has not yet spoiled. Trees, plants, birds, animals, are happy. More or less consciously, all live in instant dependence upon the Divine Supply. It is only man who toils and struggles and painfully essays to "lay by for a rainy day."

To work is happiness. There is no greater misery than enforced idleness. And enforced idleness is what is filling the world with poverty and despair today. No idler is ever happy. No idler can be happy. And this is true whether the idler be rich or poor. The idle rich, in the effort to kill time, may perhaps plunge into all sorts of soul-deadening dissipation, while the idle poor "loafs" in the sunshine and tramps our broad land to beg his bread from door to door. Neither is happy.

To work is natural. People say: "Competition is the life of trade." If there were no competition, if each were required to work for the good of all, it is asserted no one would

* An address before the New Thought Conference at Hartford, Conn., Feb. 22, 1899.

be willing to do anything. There would be no incentive to a man to develop such powers or talents as he possesses. No one would take any trouble about anything.

Let us pass over the depth of selfishness revealed by this attitude of mind, and examine the assertion to see if it be true. Let us take the family as a starting point. Who, of any family, are the most tenderly cherished? Is it not the infant, the young child, the invalid, the aged, the cripple, the blind, the helpless? Is it not precisely that one who is, presumably and sometimes actually, a drag upon the wheels of industry? "Oh yes," is the reply: "but in such case it is love that does it."

Take the community. Who is it that is cared for? Again, is it not the abandoned infant, the orphaned children, the aged or disabled poor?

State-wise and Nation-wise, not now as a question of love, but as matter of self-protection, it is all these with the criminal class added.

No one of us would do anything! Would we not? Ask any mother of children, for what mother does not know that mournful or fretful cry of the child: "I haven't anything to do." And how many a wealthy woman's life is a burden to her, because there is nothing that she must do. More people than we dream of, are suffering for need of a healthy outlet to their energies.

The student, the scholar, the artist, the discoverer, the inventor, always has something to do; never finds the days long enough for all that he longs to do; never feels the need of an arbitrary incentive, and works incessantly, joyously, for very love of the work itself. Separate him from his work, and he is of all men the most miserable.

Work is noble and ennobling. Work refines and uplifts. Work is a continual joy. To work is natural. Indeed, it is impossible not to work, because of the Divine Energy, welling up within every living organism, which impels to activity, and when resisted compels. But toil is a curse which man has brought upon himself. The many toil that the few may

idle. Toil is slavery, absolute, uncompromising slavery. Toil is the selling of body and soul for hire. Toil is misery. Toil is degradation.

In the conditions under which we all live, it is claimed that the many must toil, that there is no help for it, that the lot of the toiler is helpless, well-nigh hopeless; and that if a man stop in his toil even for but one brief hour, there wait a hundred men to rush into his place and crowd him out, and push him down into line with beggars and tramps. It is toil, toil, toil on, for the scantiest wage, or starve.

But I tell you there is help for it. No man can work it out single-handed, but no man need try to do so. Thousands of noble brains and thousands of noble hearts all over the world are working out this problem, which is not one of class or country, of old world or new, but of the human race. Thousands today have closer at heart than all else the uplifting of the race, the leading out into light and freedom of the great army of toilers. It is not the toilers themselves who will lead in that glorious march, neither the idlers, the pessimists, nor the scoffers, but the quiet earnest workers of the world.

All about us is the Divine Opulence. Nature never stays her hand. "The Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." The Earth is ours for our sustenance and for our lifelong enjoyment. The Earth gives us our food, our shelter, our clothing, our fuel; gives to us freely, abundantly. All, all is ours for the taking. There is plenty and to spare for every child of God, every heir of the Infinite.

But what has been done? Simply this. Man in his greed, in his fear of want, in his self-love, in his ignorance, has locked up the treasures of the earth. A few capitalists control the coal supply, as though the vast forests of the carboniferous age had existed and been allowed to sink deep down into bosom of Mother Earth that a few only of earth's children might be warmed and fed. A few families, comparatively, own all the land, a few control all the great industries, the water-supply is preëmpted by a few, and a few only lock

up all the gold and silver in bank vaults. If it were possible to bottle the air, doubtless a trust would be instantly formed to do so, and to sell it to the people at so much per breath. When there chanced to be a "corner" on air, the people would suffocate and die.

Money is to the body politic exactly what blood is to the body corporeal. It is the circulating medium. When the free circulation of the blood is impeded, the body is sick. Let the free circulation of the medium of exchange be interfered with, and the great body of the people is sick—sick unto death.

Yet, remember, the Divine Opulence is all about us. There is no stint to the Father's bounty. God is Love. Love is God. And love is all things. When all men recognize this truth, the days of grab and greed will be over. When that time comes, and perhaps it is nearer than we dare to hope, we shall all work together, each for the good of all, and all for the great human brotherhood.

Meanwhile, how are we to bring into manifestation in our own lives this wealth of Divine Opulence?

First, by recognizing that it exists, that it forever and eternally is. The Divine Opulence is, and is for us.

Second, we are to rest in the Divine Opulence. Not to toil on hopelessly with shoulders stooped, and head bent, and eyes cast down to earth; but to work, heartily, gladly, with our lungs breathing in deep full breaths of the Divine Opulence expressed in pure air, with our eyes lifted to behold the glories of Divine Opulence expressed in sunshine, and, no less, in rain, and snow, and storm.

The wind that sweeps across country with terrific force, the wind that rattles our blinds and blows away our papers and sets us a-shivering if we have not yet learned how not to shiver; the wind that piles up the swift-falling snow in huge white drifts, the wind that drives the great ocean liners out of their course, the mighty wind that is on its own mission of cleansing and purifying the earth, is also an expression of Divine Opulence, the infinite, unquenchable Energy of which

we ourselves are a part. We are one with it, one with the storm and wind, one with the sunshine and gladdening heat, one with the broad blue fathomless sky, one with the stars and planets, one with the trees and rocks, one with the singing birds and the blossoming flowers, and—ah, let us not forget it—one with our fellowmen.

To know ourself one with the Divine Energy, to feel our kinship to all living things, to the passion of the storm, the surge of the wind, the power of the elements at work or at play, is to be renewed from head to foot, to feel the waves of life-force tingling down the spine; it is to be warmer, stronger, happier, straighter, nobler.

To know ourself one with the Divine Opulence, to rest in it, to eat and drink and sleep in it, is to fill our minds, and hearts, and souls with the consciousness of never-failing abundance, with a wealth of all good things. Now the mind is a magnet. In the heart of the soul lies our attracting power. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." To live and move and have our being in the continual momentary consciousness of the Divine Opulence, is the way to bring opulence into manifestation in our daily lives. For the Divine Opulence means opulence expressed in all ways, in all things: friends, opportunities, money, health, prosperity, happiness.

Remember that the more we think Divine Opulence, the more we rest in it and trust it, the more we work in it and believe in it, then the more of it we bring into expression. This is the law.

One word more. We are here to manifest the Divine Opulence. It is for this very purpose that the Divine Energy has pushed us out into visible expression. We dishonor the Father, the Infinite Divine, when we fail to manifest opulence in all ways. It is our first duty as well as our high privilege to manifest the Divine Opulence in health, wealth, prosperity, and happiness.

Now, how may we begin to manifest opulence? As for that, we are manifesting it all the time; we always have manifested it and we always will manifest it—the millionaire in

his degree of recognition, the poor tramp who begs at our door in his.

But how are we to manifest it to our own consciousness? We manifest the Divine Opulence both in giving and receiving. Ah, in giving! I should not expect to attract to myself largely while I give forth nothing. The first point then is to give. Now what have I to give? The question is absolutely an individual one, to be reckoned with faithfully in the silent chambers of each individual soul. What have I to give?

Possibly I have money hoarded away to which I am selfishly adding, and adding, and adding. Perhaps, now my attention is called to it, I find that I might give out work or more work to some fellow-creature who needs it and is suffering for lack of it. Perhaps I have such abundance in some one thing that I may vie with nature herself in the joy of lavishness. Each one, if he ask of himself in sincerity, will learn for himself what, and when, and to whom he can give.

But every one of us whether rich or poor, whether sick or well, whether bond or free, has a wealth of Divine Opulence to give out, of which perhaps we ourselves have never dreamed. We all possess untold wealth. We possess a never-ceasing in-flow and out-flow of thought force.

Thought is the most powerful as well as the most subtle force yet known. Our brains are continually generating thought. Of our thoughts we are continually giving forth. *We must be spendthrifts of thought.* In this we are bound to rival Nature's lavishness. Hoard as we will all our other possessions, we are compelled to give out abundantly, unstintedly, at every instant of our lives, waking or sleeping, the most powerful, the most far-reaching, the most influential force of the universe, the force of thought.

Primarily then, above all else that I have to give, I give thought. First, love-thought; love to God, the Infinite Father, Universal Spirit, who is the God and Father of us all; love to man, good-will to men, love to our brothers of every land, of every race, of every color, of every creed.

Then, to bring it closer, we send out a loving thought to

everybody we meet, to everybody and everything we see. Mentally we say: Health to you! Wealth to you! You are well, you are rich, you are happy. You are good, you are noble, you are free. Good luck rolls your way. Now, this instant, you manifest the Divine Opulence. Now, this instant, you begin to manifest it more and more abundantly.

Love is the one law of life. We are to overcome evil with good. There is but one evil—lack of love. There is but one good—Love itself. Therefore, we are to overcome all things by Love.

Love God first: the supreme God of the universe; the God within; the indwelling spirit of life. Then love everybody and everything. Love even our untoward conditions. This is not easy, but it becomes possible. Love our "rheumatism," our "hard work," our "disappointments," our "loneliness," our "failures,"—in a word, our enemies. Overcome them by loving them. They are all teaching us something, teaching us to love more, to love absolutely, God and our neighbor. Overcome them by loving them. Overcome by sending out loving good-will thought to everything and to everybody. And as we give out loving thought, give it out daily, hourly, momentarily, we shall insensibly give out loving words and loving deeds.

Remember that wherein we fail to love, we cut the connection between ourselves, our consciousness, and the ever-flowing fountain of Infinite Love, Infinite Opulence.

We are here to rest in the Divine Opulence, to attract to ourselves and to show forth to others in utmost fullness and abundance, in lavishness of love, and joy, and peace, the unspeakable riches of the Divine Opulence.

JEAN PORTER RUDD.

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THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA.

HUMANLY speaking, Cuba involves most interesting problems. Some there are bound in the possible future of the new republic, that reach into the domain of largest statesmanship. The Cubans are a product, on one side, of four centuries of oppression and superstition, with deliberate suppression of intelligence; of a chattelism viler in degree than our own ever became; of the African slave trade projected into a generation which regarded it as a vulgar crime and a general piracy; of the worst phases of tropical sugar plantation life, and lately made more revolting by coolie labor; to be reinforced in its decline through a capitalism whose inhuman forces regard life as of less importance than a hogshead of molasses, or the well-gear'd machinery used in a Cuban "ingenio." On the other side, the Cubans are also the product of the "wonderful century" now passing, into one of whose great currents they have been so embedded that no deep defilements have come from the commercial diabolism wherein they have been plunged. They have been upheld by the ethnic influences, as by the ethical forces, which have flowed from racial conflicts and the growth of democratic life about them. The whites have grown in the struggles of their Latin-American neighbors. Haiti, Jamaica, and the United States, by their combination of strife and law, led the negroes into that restless action which makes slavery unprofitable. Climatic and other physical conditions also hold the Cubans in controlling environment. It is not one of a depressing or debilitating character, either for white or black.

It has been a matter of surprise to many friendly critics of the Cubans, that they remained so long the unrevolting subjects of a race and power unworthy of control, and which racial affiliations on the continent overthrew and drove back in the second decade of the passing century. There are sev-

eral reasons for this apparent loyalty to oppressive conditions. It will clear the arena to state them briefly.

In the first place, then, Cuba's geographical position has had much to do with this apparent delay, because it cut off avenues of retreat, as well as sources of supply and renewals of strength. Again, while the island was surrounded by slave-holding neighbors, the most powerful of all being ourselves, chattelism within was fed to commanding economic and political power. On the other hand, the early and utter destruction of the original islanders — the Caribs — was, without doubt, a considerable race factor toward maintaining what the Spaniards had won. On the Latin-held mainland, sixty per cent. of all the inhabitants were, and are still, of the indigenous stocks. One-half or more of the remainder are of mixed blood. If the Caribs of Cuba had not been destroyed, the island would have seen many fierce outbursts. There are less than one thousand left of that race, and their natural spirit is shown by the fact that all of the males able to bear arms have been in the field against Spain since Cespedes and his associates proclaimed the first Cuban Republic, in October, 1868. They have followed the leadership of their hereditary chief, General Jesu Rabi, who, next to Antonio Maceo, the mestizo leader, was the best cavalry commander in Cuba, and still is one of its safest and ablest of civil leaders. Further reason for the long period of loyalty in Cuba is found in these facts: The white farmers, "monteros," as the eastern men are termed, and the "pacificos" of the earlier days in the sugar sections, with the tobacco farmers of the west, were generally recruited from the early soldiery. Cuba was never afflicted with the huge land grants which have economically done so much to retard the growth of Mexico and other Spanish-American lands. The land of Cuba was given away to settlers and occupants, under direction of local and municipal authorities, instead of at the command of corrupt intriguers in vice-regal courts. A better class was thus obtained. They became sturdy and independent; affiliated with the

educated planter and wealthier class, who retreated to their country homes, when the money-making Catalans and foreign investors obtained control of colonial affairs. A fact of remarkable significance: there is no colorphobia in Cuba. The Latin master needed not to unlearn "contempt of race," as his Anglo-American neighbor still needs to do. This is a striking strain in Cuban affairs; it is a note of great significance in the gamut to be run by the coming republic. Perhaps Cuba may give to the world, through all these factors, a living proof of Benjamin Kidd's statement, that the progress to which we are reaching will be most surely evolved by "bringing all the people into the rivalry of life, not only on a footing of political equality, but on conditions of equal social opportunities."

In the middle of this century a notable change began in Cuban colonial life. A different type of Spaniard came into control. The immigrant peasants — Catalans, Arragonese, Basques; islanders from the Mediterranean and Canary groups — brought to Cuba as town laborers; slave-drivers, overseers, and lessees of "caballeros" (areas of thirty-three and one-third acres) of cane-growing lands, soon grew to be the agents of non-resident Spanish and foreign owners; the store-keepers also — small officials, little usurers, merchants, bankers. They have shown in their degree the acquisitive powers and pertinacity which have made the same type everywhere, in new lands, the main element within the powerful plutocracy that has arisen during the past half-century. But the Castilian withdrew, and revolt grew with the Catalan's rapid stride to power. Of course, the majority of the new Spaniards passed into the working body of the Cuban people. Their children have made the rank and file of the white divisions in the patriot army, and from their families have also come the greatest proportion of the sufferers in Weyler's reconcentration. From employment in the sugar-making hacienda, the working *emigrés* often became lessees or owners of small farms. In Pinar del Rio and Havana, the tobacco farmers are largely of the Canary Island stock.

The men who led and fought the ten-years' war were largely the product of the conditions thus indicated. That revolt was caused by taxation infamies and by the old school's social hostility to changes; it was republican in purpose, but not at the beginning essentially democratic in spirit or design. But it soon passed beyond that limit. Led by "gentlemen," it was fought by farmers, cattlemen, mechanics, clerks, laborers, and at the close was practically commanded by professional men and those who had come up from the ranks. And these were of all races, too — the mestizo and the negro, black and mulatto; the men of the cane-field and of the wharves; the mixed bloods as proud always as the Dons, and the bright, clean-brained young white fellows from the cities; even the Chinese coolie was there. No recognition of belligerency was obtainable from Washington. That was then due to the fear of its unfavorably affecting the Alabama controversy and our bond-refunding operations. The opposition to the same demand, from 1895 up to the breaking out of our war, was made on a lower plane, and simply represented the influence, pro and con, of the sugar trust at home, and the Americans who had invested in sugar plantations in Cuba. That opposition was a manifestation of the greed, and not of the adventuring side, of militant commercialism.

Out of the ten-years' war grew the Cuban democracy. That revolt began in the eastern part of the island, and was mainly conducted therein. The men of the western cities and towns went to the Mambi's camps. Able professional and business Cubans joined the grandees, monteros, the mambis, and mestizos. To them also came others from outside of Cuba. The most notable of these was Maximo Gomez, a native of Santo Domingo, of Spanish birth, whose family had lived long in that island. Planter and soldier, with varied experience, mature of years and judgment, having family relations in Cuba also, he brought to their cause an ability admirably related to the problems involved, and a moral force and keen sagacity which lifts his life and char-

acter, when his intellectual power is conceded, as it must be, with the greater leaders of struggling peoples that history remembers in admiring gratitude. To General Gomez's military insight, as shaped by earlier Cuban experience, is mainly due the trenchant vigor and sweep of the last three years' campaigning. He literally carried the war, with Maceo's aid, into the enemy's camp. And that enemy was the sugar planter, with the corrupt entourage which had grown about the revenue handling of his product, as about that of the tobacco farmers.

Many of the older leaders passed away. Palma, Cisneros, Maso, Sanchez—are names that represent them still. But a new set of men came to the front. The Maceo clan and type, especially Antonio, hero-leader of the mixed bloods, drew after them all of that element. Quinton Bandera, of native African race, black man, born a slave, and a revolter before he was twenty as fugitive in the "long grass"; captain of outlaws without a name; placed in charge of Cespedes's flag, hence the one Cuban history will know him by—"El Bandera," The Flag—became the chief rallying personality for the *emancipados*. He was captured in 1878, deported to Cueta, from whence he escaped. Uneducated at the time, he married in Gibraltar; and when, twelve years later, he arrived in Costa Rica, to join the new revolutionary movement, Bandera was a trained soldier, possessed of education, speaking three languages, and master of considerable means. After 1895 he organized and commanded the best body of infantry in the Cuban army.

The peace of 1879 brought emancipation to a swift conclusion. The planter turned to machinery, ignorant and isolated labor, and land-leasing, with debt bondage for the pacifico, as a way of maintaining control. The colonial administration grew more corrupt yearly. The Cubans were robbed more systematically than ever. The young people demanded education. Those with means enough have generally been trained in this country. With scarcely an exception, all these entered the secret organization of clubs which

José Martí got under way. In 1894 there were over two hundred of these bodies in the United States, Cuba, and wherever its workmen and exiles had congregated. In our country there were one hundred thousand Cuban cigarmakers, tobacco-growers, etc.; and for the past five years it has been the habit of these people ungrudgingly to give to "Cuba Libre" one day's wage per week. Thousands of them gave their lives, in the field and the running in of supplies. During the late war period, our blockade was practically as harmful to friendly Cubans as it was to Spanish enemies. It stopped food supplies and starved the people; it prevented the landing of arms and ammunition. All through it the Cuban clubs gave one day's wage or income per month, for each of their members, and took care, in large degree, of their own helpless and dependent ones. If sacrifice is the sign of service, and that is the evidence of fitness for freedom, then the Cuban *demos* has won all rights by knightly devotion to all duties. The organizing brain and genius of this last movement was that of José Martí, a Cuban born of Spanish father and island mother. At sixteen he was a political prisoner, and, even then, a scholar, poet, vigorous writer, and fervid orator, with a genius for conspiracy. Next year he was sent to Spain. There he became a power, and continued a suspect. At the Madrid University, he was leader of the republican students. Before he fled to France, he had been graduated in jurisprudence and letters. After this his young life became one of serious work. To those he met, who had also met Joseph Mazzini, as the writer had, the leader of the Italian struggle for unity was always recalled by the Cuban. A brilliant journalist, he was also made the representative of South American countries. Returning to Cuba in 1880, he was obliged to escape therefrom, going to Costa Rica and Mexico, and thence coming to New York, where, for several years, he organized the revolution, of which he was the first and, with Antonio Maceo at a later day, the most distinguished victim. He was but forty-four when slain, leading a cavalry charge in Santiago de Cuba.

These personal types have been outlined, with the forces about them, so that the contention of this paper as to the good character, probity, courage, and devotion of the Cuban fighters might, in a distinct way, be made evident. The qualities of steadiness and discipline thus shown will be paralleled in civil life. The Cubanos are naturally light-hearted, kindly, industrious, but not driving; simple of habits, temperate also, light eaters, and of fair morals. The Cuban has gotten away from the priest, and yet is not a scoffer. The women are not priest-led either. All are a-hungering for work and homes of their own. They will get their living from the land. The Spaniard in Cuba is too often a gross drinker, and loose liver; but the workers among them have capacity for good citizenship. The Cubans are self-respecting, and, left to forces such as have been pointed out, they will make a good community.

The Spanish-American war was compelled by commercial losses quite as much as by public sympathy. The reconcentration has cost Cuba at least 600,000 lives, but few of the victims having raised an arm in combat. The vigorous policy pursued by Gomez, Maceo, Betancort, Rodriguez, and Diaz, followed by Spanish retaliation, cost \$100,000,000 in destroyed plantations, works, farms, and villages. About thirty per cent. may be charged to the Cubans, and the remainder to the Spaniard. This produced a complete stagnation of commerce. The trade with Spain itself was reduced to a paltry minimum. Our commerce—and we are the largest dealers—was, in 1893, a total of \$102,804,204. The next year it was seven millions less. In 1895, it fell \$30,000,000; in 1896, \$18,000,000, and in 1897, \$28,000,000. With the decrease in 1898, the entire commercial loss within four years was over \$100,000,000. We have, as reported, a total investment of \$50,000,000 in island enterprises. Our commerce with Puerto Rico fell off \$5,000,000 in two years. Some increase came as an offset by more activity in the remaining West Indian trade. Our financial losses had a direct effect on business interests, otherwise hostile to

interference with public crimes which butchered non-combatants at the rate of 300,000 persons a year. The fact remains that the moneyed interest is more responsible, though less reprehensible, for the wholesale butchery of the Cuban people than General Weyler himself, for, since slavery was abolished, it is the American investors that have seared party judgment and political conscience on Cuban affairs at Washington.

The island is clear of the Spaniard at last. Public and civic freedom awaits the Cubans; self-government is poised about them and within grasp; thanks, also, to the sincere determination of the American people. There are avaricious wills among us that would have it otherwise, if they dared; and there are some who, like a prominent American editor and ex-diplomat, while boasting of desire for Cuba as a territorial possession, are emphatically vigorous in declaring that no Cuban must ever be permitted to represent his people in an American Congress.

We are, for the time being, in honest control of Cuba. But there are things we may not honestly do. We do not need an army in Cuba, for a small garrison is sufficient. We should let the Cubans do their own police work. We must not allow them to be despoiled of their franchises; utilization of which must be to enrich the island and not our speculators and investors. We must for our own health's sake, as well as the safety of the Cubans, set them planning and working for sanitary improvement. The island of Cuba is naturally healthy. That of Puerto Rico is remarkably so for a tropical area. Both have the great ocean waves of water and air as purifiers, and Cuba has also her high lands,—savannas and rugged montanos. Among the things we certainly must not do, will be one that appeals strongly to commercial greed at present; we must not compel Cuban labor to do that which its best desire will be to avoid, and that is to go to work again under old conditions, at the sugar "ingenios." The financial and fiscal conditions of the island are already being molded for the better, and

Cuba itself will ere long be able to reimburse us for all expenditures made for the Cuban's benefit.

One economic problem desires attention, for it is of wide importance. Reference is made to the future of sugar planting and making. In great part all of this product is run in all of the West Indies, as has been and still is in Cuba, so far as now operative, upon the worst reminders of the old chattelism, minus only the power to sell life in open markets. Capital must face the issues of decency and equity in the future employment of plantation labor, or British "Quashee" and Cuban "Mambi" alike will not work thereon. Indeed, it is to their credit that laborers desire a home and land foothold, and not a bunk in a shed and rations and plank for bed and board. In Hawaii, as in Cuba and Puerto Rico, American sugar makers must deal differently than at present with the problem of plantation labor. So, also, must English investors and employers in the West Indies and on the equatorial mainland. There is too much land and it is also too fertile for even the negro to be kept at the furnace and the boiler, so that a limited number of families elsewhere may continue to grow rich and live in luxury. The negroes of Jamaica have pointed out the way by squatting on vacant crown lands, raising enough to live upon, and to obtain the means to buy what they do not raise. The solution, if sugar cane must be planted and sugar made for export, will probably be found in public coöperative, or corporate mills, to which the small farmer may bring his cane to be ground and reduced. It is by no means certain that cane sugar will continue to be made in these regions, if people do not want to work thereat, even though the Kipling philanthropists may deem it the "White Man's Burden" to compel the dark man to do so in order that, according to the Benjamin Kidd idea, "social efficiency" may be duly promoted by personal comfort and economic security for dwellers in the temperate zone. It is, indeed, a very English idea that altruism itself can grow only by obtaining the security of English life and control. The great advocate of

"social efficiency" has found a new rôle for the berseker tendencies of the race.

What is in the near future of other islands within the Caribbean and Gulf waters, is a question which must be faced, and which the installation of a Cuban republic may soon make a living issue. That issue will involve, ere it is solved, the departure of the four non-American flags that now float above the islands thereof. This result is one that impinges close upon the unleaded kibes of time. The Cuban leaders, or some of them, have long held the dream of a West Indian federation of republican states. One of their ablest men—and he was a Castilian of purest type—pointed to the writer the possibility of a new life and large future in these islands alone, for the existing twenty odd millions of Afro-Americans now under Latin and Anglo-Saxon direction. The idea of such a republic has been formed. Does it still dwell in the minds of Cuban leaders? That cannot be answered; for they are reticent, but ideas are said to be indestructible.

There are only 5,000,000 West Indian islanders, and there are 70,000,000 acres in fertile island areas. There are only 3,500,000 acres under cultivation, or about one and one-half acres per capita, so that there is room for at least 40,000,000 more. Our commerce with that five millions now amounts to \$170,000,000 per annum in normal years, and is increasing rapidly. With the continental areas facing inwards to these waters, the total trade at present increases the value to \$250,000,000, a much greater sum than all our commerce with the 900,000,000 of Asiatic, Oceanic, and West Coast American peoples, who are grouped on and around that Pacific Ocean which Mr. Whitelaw Reid informs us is commercially "all our own." Great Britain controls and carries a little less than fifty per cent. of the American inter-island commerce, but holds in the Pacific and Indian oceans seven-tenths more than we do, or a total of about \$1,800,000,000. These are vast prizes before a wise spirit of commercial expansion. The single-starred flag of Cuba

may yet be as rapidly spangled as our meteor-banner has been, and the breadth and grandeur of a genuine political democratic policy will not be lowered or stained by the result. Under such conditions we shall gain greatly as well as more wisely, and wisdom does not exist without honor.

Our construction of the Nicaragua Canal will surely come, and soon too. A public cable along the north Pacific coast and another to the central point of the vast defensive arc that will be swung from the canal's debouching port on the Pacific north to Sitka, are also among the certainties. The Hawaiian Islands are the necessary center — forming as they do the only possible naval depot and maritime calling station in a trans-oceanic voyage of seven thousand miles.

With the acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands and the possession of Puerto Rico, neither of which needed to be "forced" thereto, would it not have been more sagacious, and, as passing events show, more honorable also, to have permanently closed the land expansion ledger, at least in oceanic directions? The ruddy cloud above the Indian equator does not incite confidence in such a future. Militant commercialism is in the saddle, we know, but may it not be riding for a fall? "Few greater calamities," writes that clear-brained historical critic, W. E. H. Lecky, — in "The Political Value of History," — "can befall a nation than to cut herself off . . . from all vital connections with her past." We are certainly presenting such a possibility when we are gravely invited to resist "the crazy extension" of the principle of self-government, and when senators declare that there is no guarantee or advantage in its defense or existence. The American, however, who stands against imperial commercialism, militant in spirit and purpose, has small reason to regard the sneers of those who belittle themselves with puerilities. The helpful democratic position needs no defense from even executive criticism. The use of strange terms, unknown heretofore in our history, demands explanation. What is meant by "colonies" and what is understood by "protectorates" and

"dependencies"? These terms have a very distinct sound when studied from a European, and especially a British, point of view.

The right to inquire is ours, and it is our duty to compel an understanding, before we are "embalmed" with the corpse of "John Company" or entangled in associations that make Warren Hastings's name the symbol of inhuman statesmanship. If trade follows the flag, let us comprehend clearly before we embark on the voyage whether we carry also our own traditions for cargo, or bear those that Europe has made for our avoidance.

Our continental expansion has fully vindicated itself. It is justified in the world's betterment and at the bar of history. And this can be claimed without present regard of any limitative criticism as to time, motives, and methods when movements were inaugurated. Self-protection, present and future, was an absolute demand. Cosmic geography and its great physical features were also overwhelming requirements. Our large occupation of this continent has been a world-need, and as such it has been flouted openly or secretly by old world rulers and policies. As a matter of public unity, just physical continuity, national peace, and regional safety, it is a serious fact, which may yet bring disastrous collision, that British Columbia and Vancouver's Island break our coast-line between Puget Sound and the deep sea inlets, south of Sitka. An alliance with England, Japan, and ourselves would not be sought by Lord Charles Beresford, as non-official agent of Downing Street, if it were not that Britain's open road to India crosses this continent. Neither would the adumbrations of our friendship be asked as a potential means of dispelling the chill shadow of the Russian advance along the northern skirts of the Indian empire achieved and the China to be controlled. Why should we beat drums and sound cymbals for the English "white man" in tropical Asia, if we may not also do so for the Slavonian-Tartar who has always been our diplomatic friend? Should we not steadily proceed upon the grand lines which have so gigantically

marked our progress? Are we to diverge therefrom in order to prove true the English commercial falsehood,—that a country is the most prosperous when it sells abroad more than it consumes at home,—especially when such paradox is held to human scorn by the tragedy of human hunger through poverty wrought by legislation and penury made institutional through a bastard civilization?

Expansion then upon the lines of democracy and freedom? Yes! For national security and public growth? Yes! Expansion upon lines alone of militant commercialism and territorial empire? No! a thousand times, no! This, the writer believes to be the judgment of the "plain people"—Abraham Lincoln's "American," and of all who hold the "self-evident truths" that Thomas Jefferson proclaimed—this will finally be the verdict, even if a Paris peace commissioner publicly apologized for that body's having "loyally obeyed the will of Congress," while he mournfully regretted that in the West Indies we have to be satisfied with a return "so inadequate," as the island of Puerto Rico. Words are "half-battles," said Jean Paul Richter of Martin Luther's prose. His words shook to their nethermost depths the foundations of a vast ecclesiasticism. They were as army corps victoriously fighting for the enfranchisement of the human conscience. Thomas Jefferson's immortal utterance spanned civilization with the radiant bow of promise. Lo! a hundred million have stepped into a sunrise that betokens a larger day! But "Empire" and "Imperialism" are terrible avatars that shout across the wastes of oppression, and sound as the hideous chorus of vengeful Furies chanting the terrible story of "man's inhumanity to man." There are words that live and we rejoice in the living. There are words that fester as they slay. Are we to look to the past for the first and hear only the second in the present? Said Abraham Lincoln, "What I do say is that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent." The orator of 1858 and the statesman of 1865 voiced, living and dying, the will of that people whom Lowell had in mind when he declared "that nations live in their ideals." Are we to illustrate again the

remorseless truth of destiny, that nations die in making their ideals worthy?

Shall we proceed to achieve by contradictions? The independence of Cuba and the subjugation of the Philippines involve a paradox of terrible import. Why Maximo Gomez a victor in Havana, and Aguinaldo an enemy or prisoner in Luzon?

Militant commercialism has no public conscience, and its honor is bounded by the payment of debts and the making of a profitable balance sheet. So too, it may be found that ears that wait for grounded echoes may well catch the concussion of gold-crossed palms. The pride of conquering and the lust of power moves ambitiously after the luring lights of vanity rather than by the steady beacons of public restraint and ethical sagacity. Words may be as wind, and silence become brazen, not golden, when by reasonable utterance, and beneficent promise, bloodshed could be avoided. Strength is majestic when generosity lights its path.

In the roar of slaughtering guns, however, the commentator may be silenced. The critic will at least take risks, when he dares review. Nevertheless, though "you may fool all the people some of the time," it is quite certain that "you cannot fool all the people all the time," for however success is first attained, it is also as certain, that in

spite of change
Gutenberg's gun hath the longer range.

The missile may seem to miss the mark. Its flight through an obscured trajectory may seem slow indeed, but it will yet hit the target, even though bleeding feet crimson the path of flight. Righteousness remains the inexorable demand. Still the weird sisters pursue. Still the Fates move on forever.

Spin, spin, Clothos spin,
Lachesis twist and Atrophos sever,
In the shadow, year in, year out,
The silent headsman stands forever.

RICHARD J. HINTON.

IS BELLAMY'S IDEA FEASIBLE?

EVERY proposal of conduct, giving a promise of improvement over existing conditions, contains its own vindication, subject only to one proviso—that it be practicable. This is axiomatic. Without, perhaps, a realization of, or even much of an effort to realize, its relative possibility, as compared with previously accomplished achievements of civil government, and certainly without due regard to its inherent practicability, the people of the United States have received a momentous impression of the *desirability* of such an improvement in their economic polity as is expounded in the great work of Edward Bellamy, "Equality." That it has not been studied by still greater numbers, and that those who have studied it have largely failed to practically espouse it, is unquestionably due to the single circumstance of a doubt of its feasibility. Mr. Bellamy, with the exquisite skill of a surgeon, has laid bare the pulsing anatomy of our body politic, and has proved, past all demands of captious criticism, the existence and the nature of that disease whose end is death. So complete is his work in this regard, that the readiest conclusion to many has been, not that an improvement should be made, but that no amendment of such a deadly ill can be made, and so they benignly await the grave of the nation with Christian resignation. Truly a remarkable state of mind. To those who have read the beautiful story of the Garden of Eden it is a not unusual cause of wonderment, that even the excellencies of that abode could not suffice for the contentment, the energies, and the achievements of a satisfied existence. And so, in this great present-day Garden of Eden,—for our country is nothing less in its manifold potentiality,—the nation consents to go, *prona terra*, upon a weary march to its exit, when it has but to look up and about to see all about it the means of an exalted life. There can never be given a more acceptable reason for the

practicability of a proposition, than the fact of the accomplishment of as great or greater difficulties already achieved. The people are willing to accept the proposition that that which has been done, can be done again, and, indeed, the proposition would seem to demand as little strain of credulity as could be addressed to a reasonable intelligence. There is no manner of doubt, that the people of the United States could draw a constitution upon the lines of the Bellamy economy with less than five per cent. of the actual difficulty that was overcome by the Fathers when they performed their work in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, in the convention assembled May 14, 1787. This convention worked four months. The hall and the room are still standing, and a convention met there today would not have to sit four weeks, in order to draft a working constitution upon the Bellamy polity, nor would it have to overcome more than a small fraction of the difficulty which was formerly surmounted. The history of this country is direfully neglected in every way, in so much that it would appear that the present animus is, that the Fathers opened the gates of the Garden of Eden to us, thrust us in, largely against our will, and then left us free to roam and pillage to the full extent of natural selfishness and the basest competitive greed. It is respectfully submitted that the Fathers did nothing of the kind, and I shall make an effort to prove it.

Consider for a moment what must have been the constructive requirements of a situation representing the extremes of a northern climate and a manufacturing economy on the one hand, and a southern climate and an agricultural economy on the other hand. Between these sections rose up the insuperable mountain of human slavery, a subject considered scarcely compatible with debate, but accepted or opposed rather arbitrarily and absolutely. The people of the states were strangers; they were little better than enemies; their strength, their patience, and their considerate morality were exhausted and for the time in abeyance. There could scarcely be said to have been two men in the constitutional conven-

tion who in a representative capacity thought alike on any single subject. It was a confessed conglomeration of differences. Moreover, the task before it was a radical departure in the entire framework of government, something entirely new, not only to those who were to construct it, and to those who were to use it, but practically new to history. And yet out of that convention came a complete constitution which is the hope of the world. Was this a miracle? It was not. Were the members of the convention, or those whom they represented, angels? They were not. What superinducing, overwhelming motive, then, reconciled irreconcilable interests, suppressed paramount desires, and compelled allegiance to an obnoxious compact? The most commonplace consideration in the world — necessity. Each proposal of a selfish nature might be espoused as vehemently as its advocates desired; every local or class interest might be insisted upon as a *sine qua non* (and these things were the daily food of the convention and of the country); but, turn the subject up and down and over as they might, the people saw clearly that the one absolute, unquestionable necessity was, constitutional confederation — then constitutional confederation was adopted; and the effort ceased to be to find fault with it, but to build it up, improve it, and make it strong. The people of those days thought a Garden of Eden worth having, and they made a decent effort to live in it.

By a parity of reasoning turn now to the argument *ex necessitate rei* which Bellamy discloses, with every scintilla of illumination, until one cries "Hold! Enough!" and it will appear that relief from the present polity is the only alternative of starvation and death for all the people. Bellamy's work in this regard is quite too perfect for paraphrase, and the necessity for amendment is not now seriously questioned in any quarter. The people have their eyes half-opened — they see half of the truth, the necessity for amendment. When they shall come, as they are rapidly and more rapidly coming, to see the remaining half — that freedom from private capitalism and the waste of profit is the remedy, and that this is

feasible — then economic equality will exist, and will continue to exist to the end of the world.

The great worth and merit of the Bellamy economy is, that it is not only founded upon truth, but that it is founded upon the whole truth and upon nothing but the truth. This may make it ideal — but there is really no objection to ideals merely in the fact that they are ideals. Some wiseacres think it sufficient to condemn any theory of government, to call it Utopian. This is a near approach to the infallibility of judgment claimed by Captain Bunsby, whom Dickens wrote about in "Dombey and Son," and which consisted of silently looking wise. But Dickens was a master of irony. Many there are who will even pass this judgment upon the mighty philosophy of Bellamy; they are those who have not read his work, but have only heard about it. Such a thing of course would not be worthy of notice, were it not true that the practice has extended to some who ought to know better. The bright men who write the editorials for the newspapers, and who intellectually are some of the most attractive men in the civilized world, are too prone to condemn the Bellamy economy against their better reason, because their employers are private capitalists and employ them to do so. This is tersely called prostitution. The editors do not like it — prostitution is not pleasant — but the editors must eat. And yet consider what it means, to envelop a subject of universal interest with the universal condemnation of the press, or anything approaching that. Suppose for a moment that the entire press of the country should earnestly strive for a year or more to expound the feasibility of the Bellamy economy. The thought is enough to cause a multimillionaire to turn pale with fright, for there is no doubt that in six months, or less time, a constitutional convention would be convoked, to draft a modification of our present polity which should give economic equality to all the people. And it would not be a convention of bitterness and jealousy, as was our first great constitutional convention. The bitterness and jealousy would all be left with the inconsiderable minority who constitute

the very rich, a minority which, relatively to the whole number of people and relatively to the whole amount of wealth, must so long as private capitalism lasts, grow smaller and smaller. This, Bellamy has demonstrated with the exactness of mathematical precision. It throws a flood of light, therefore, upon the subject, to recognize at the outset that the feasibility of the Bellamy plan of relief is vastly impeded by being talked against generally by the press of the country. And it throws another flood of light, to understand that the editors who do this skilful talking are the employees of wealthy private capitalists. As much may be said of the pulpit, speaking generally.

That the Bellamy economy is founded upon the whole truth means that it covers the entire need of the case, both in respect to its freedom from essential error and by reason of its capacity to serve all the people, instead of serving only a small and ever smaller portion of the people, as does the present system. In many countries, our own in small measure among the number, attempts have been successfully made to alleviate the fatal disparity between human beings. New Zealand appears to be the most successful in applying what Bellamy calls the "poultice" plan, of adjusting a separate cure to each sore, but it has not yet attacked the disease. It is to be constantly remembered, that in any and every department of learning and of conduct the first essential of inerrancy is theoretical correctness. This is the scientific, as distinguished from the empirical method; and no enterprise, of whatever nature, can ultimately and wholly succeed unless it be theoretically sound. Bellamy's economy is theoretically correct; the profit system of the present economy is theoretically fallacious — and the case is one in which the proofs of experience are immeasurably beyond the just demands of anyone.

Even the objections to the feasibility of the Bellamy system are calculated to inspire a certain confidence in it in the minds of honest inquirers. The objections are wholly incidental. No one, we believe, has ever ventured the objection

that the system is radically, or theoretically, wrong; the objections raised against it are merely the individual preferences of superficial judgment. Thus men say that it would be a levelling process, reducing the moral and spiritual life to a plane of existence as common as the economic life of the people would then be. Not to refer to the forceful manner in which Bellamy has demonstrated that the result would be just the reverse, and that men and women for the first time would be capable of true individuality, is it not somewhat strange that so trivial an objection should be raised against a plan of redemption of the world, as that it would produce moral and spiritual equality? Exactly the same objection could be made to entering heaven, and we believe that it is made by some, with an apparently needless solicitude as to their own discomfort. Consult the most competent objectors to the Bellamy economy, and ninety-nine per cent. of them will raise the superficial objections which are absolutely refuted in the chapter of "Equality" entitled "The Book of the Blind." This is no idle guess; let any one try it, in the most painstaking and intelligent manner, and the result will justify the assertion here made. The essential principle of the Bellamy economy is in the fact that "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," which means that the human usufruct of this paradise is for the whole race and not for a patented few. What else, in the name of human reason, could it mean? Anything else — any other distortion of results — is murder and larceny. It involves what the logicians term a mental suicide, to spell out with propriety any economic polity which supplies the strong at the expense of the weak in a division of the world's material resources. We contradict the thought in our voluntary charities, and do not permit men to starve where we can see them.

The demonstration of the truth of the Bellamy economy is merely an amplification of existing methods. Who but a private capitalist would desire to have the postal functions of government given over to private hands, and who would claim that it would be an advantage to the whole people?

We grow so accustomed to governmental wrongs that we forget the purpose of government—the greatest good for the greatest number. And there are several other things in this connection which are simply forgotten, for they are well enough known. There can be no possible doubt that theoretically the people are the best masters of their own affairs. This is as true collectively as it is individually. We object to increasing the powers of government because the politicians misgovern. But politicians would quit their trade hurriedly *as soon as there should cease to be a profit in it*. The whole people striving for the success of the administration, therefore, and no one striving against it (which would be in accordance with the selfish interest of every one) would simply insure success. Persons would be incomparably freer to choose their own avocations than they are now, and the best adapted would be engaged in all the various pursuits of business. As it is now, the greatest problem of life is “selecting” (that is getting in anywhere) a walk in life. A young man who has a taste for architecture, finds himself in a fire insurance office—which he secretly would like to see burn down. A person who through years of youth has aspired to a financial life cannot find an opening there and becomes a salesman. He has as much heart for it as a boy has for a whipping—he hates it. And yet people say that, with an immeasurably freer means of choice, with the whole country interested in securing “the right man for the right place,” the right man would never get into the right place. What would keep him out? The Bellamy economy is incalculably more feasible in this particular than is the present economy. Imagine this country in the full enjoyment of the Bellamy economy, and that it should be proposed to adopt the plan which is now in vogue. Would the proposal appear sane?

The objection is raised, that the new plan would interfere with vested rights. Bellamy has shown that vested rights would be left severely alone. The plan is to set up something different from the system of paresis which we now have and to invite all comers; but the acceptance would be optional

with the guests. But a word upon this question of vested rights. The divine right of kings is the largest vested interest now on the calendar, and it is treated with derision in this country, because the people call themselves free. The right to acquire property is called vested. By what power is it vested, since it is not automatic and cannot vest itself? By the will of the people. And if the people should change their judgment as to the expediency of private property and should will not to vest this right in individuals, wherewith should it then be vested? Without taking any one's property away from him, is it still not entirely feasible to enact that henceforth the produce of the land shall belong to the people and that "if any shall not work neither shall he eat?"

That is the Bellamy economy in a nutshell, and what is wrong about it? We make laws galore, and have been doing it for many centuries in many lands, prescribing all manner of restraints upon the "lawful rights" to steal and kill, but allow them both to go on in a lawful manner, until four-fifths of the wealth of this country is already in the hands of one-fifth of the population, and the rest of the people are in various stages of starvation and decrepitude. We tell men not to charge more than six per cent. interest on their money, when the necessity to borrow at all may mean death to the borrower. Any one, in a word, who has studied the laws of the land knows that their denial of the right to rob and kill is only a polite euphemism. This may appear blunt and radical, but it is scientifically exact, and no one who knows anything of the subject will undertake to prove the contrary; certainly no one will do so who has read the statistical facts and the lucid deductions of Bellamy.

While, therefore, from this cursory glance, which any one may amplify, it is seen that the experiment of democracy, upon a basis of political equality, has been made successful in our own land, under untoward circumstances, and that the necessity for amendment of our present economic polity is now imperative, and that the criticisms of the Bellamy economy are not fundamental, but are "special pleading" from

interested motives, or from ignorance, let us consider for a moment the needs and benefits of coöperation toward the proposed amendment, and the dangers which attend a failure to heed the signs of the times.

The people of the United States are now united in the homogeneous establishment of all their interests, material and moral — they are susceptible of the highest civilization. The national *esprit de corps* has never been so uniform and general in all sections of the country, and the people live, as does the rest of the civilized world, in an atmosphere of intelligent recognition of the needs of others. The Bellamy economy is no longer possible to be considered as an outrage upon preconceptions, but on the contrary it is the legitimate conclusion of the argument of events. The influence of attendant circumstances is now very generally favorable, whereas, in former stages of the world's development it has been largely unfavorable. The difference between these two generic facts is like the difference between floating against the stream or with it; in the one case you must work to gain the goal, and in the other case the labor is one of steering rather than of propulsion. And shall these things be heeded? Since history began, those in power have rejected the warnings of current events, and throughout the course of history they have suffered defeat. History is so replete with instances, of momentous result, of the overthrow of peoples who have failed to accept the inevitable trend of events, that it appears almost a work of supererogation to recall them. Nevertheless, events do not become less important by being familiar, and, indeed, the danger is not of unduly increasing, but of unduly belittling the lessons of the world's experience. The Roman patricians stand out unique as the exponents of privileged caste; theirs was an impudence gone mad. And today the direct lineal descendants of those high-steppers are the recognized ditch-diggers of the world. The ancestors of the men we are accustomed to see in the trenches, living on "Italian bread" and oil, were so nice that even their baths and belongings had to be scented for them, and all the world was kicked at their

feet. Now the state of affairs at home is desperate, and truly the most fortunate of the sons of Italy are those who do menial toil in a free country.

There probably has never been a more genuine and picturesque aristocracy than that of our southern states before the war. Where is that beautiful entity now? In its shirt-sleeves, and glad to have them whole.

Spanish grandeeism was once a world-power — the greatest then existing — and today this same pretension is a thing from which the world considerably turns aside in order to conceal its commiseration.

These powers, and many more, have been supreme among great peoples, and even throughout the world; some of them have come into our own land, and into the present time; the living exponents of some of them stand in our presence; and yet so great is the infatuation of self-interest on the one hand, and of blind habit on the other, that many find it possible to ignore the most potent and palpable truths. So sure and manifest was the destiny of Charles I. of England, that the story of his career reads like the tale of a premeditated suicide; that monarch was a man, and life was sweet to him, yet with his eyes open he went to the block. To ignore the causes at work in society now, or to deny their effects, is fatuity equal to that of Charles. You caution a child against a danger, he ignores your warning as the plaint of a croaker (his elders call it the plaint of a "calamity howler"), and he suffers the penalty. You call him a fool. And yet the world of adults today, in large part, is looking straight at the writing on the wall and denying that there is any writing. Perhaps this is the most favorable circumstance of the situation, for while Belshazzar's guests grow drunk, the masses of the people shall the more surely and safely advance to their overthrow. It probably would not be an extravagant statement, that in no single instance of the overthrow of governments would it not have been possible to prevent, deter, or modify the results, if timely and sufficient heed had been given to the popular demands. But it is well that it has been otherwise,

for the march of the race from savagery has been immeasurably assisted by the completeness of these overthrows, and these could not have occurred as they did, except for the succession of the feasts of Belshazzar, which those possessed of a temporary power have insisted upon enjoying. It is no time now for raillery or vituperation; the people are serious, and mean to secure final and complete success by serious methods, which shall not be stopped by mouthings. The importance of securing immunity from death by starvation is worthy the experiment; the Bellamy economy hopefully promises this, as nothing else really promises it, and a constitutional majority is the adequate weapon in hand. A little more propagandism among a ready and appreciative audience, and the work is done. And, as there were those at the feast of Belshazzar who saw the writing, and who no doubt were prone to adjourn, so there are not wanting now many of the luxurious classes who dread and fully recognize the truth of the situation. The day of the people is at hand.

ALFRED C. COURSEN.

New York.

THE UNSEEN FACE.

Come, lose thyself in Nature's deep, serene,
 And brooding heart, whose pulses throb and thrill
 In sweet, responsive measure to the will
 Of the veiled Power, whose face no man hath seen.
 Forget thyself, renounce thyself, and lean
 Upon a Bosom whence thou mayest distil
 The balm of peace, and lying close and still,
 Learn what life's strange and mystic symbols mean.

Not in the greed and grasp of mortal gain,
 Not in the rush and scramble of the race,
 Is the clear message of the Spirit heard:
 Cease, cease from striving, O thou world-worn brain,
 And in the silence of the Unseen Face,
 Bend low, and listening, thou shalt catch the Word.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

Joliet, Ill.

THE HARMONY OF LIFE.

PROBABLY the strongest demand of our intellectual nature, as well as of our spiritual faith, is that the universe shall prove to be ultimately harmonious. The mind is not content to describe the fundamental basis of life in terms of finally distinct parts. The heart refuses to believe that even the most hostile members of society shall remain eternally unreconciled. If life as we find it is a society of finite wills, a field of strife, a complexity of disorders and systems, chance and mechanism, freedom and law, where nature and ethics seem pitted against each other, selfish greed and altruism mutually at war, and evil apparently more powerful than good, we ask, How is the universe constituted so as to own this wealth of incongruities? How is it all to end? We may find the universe beset with unsolved problems, and conclude to await the solution which further experience shall bring. The possibility that evil may triumph is such that we must be continually on the alert, and for all practical purposes the only sound philosophy of the harmony of life is that which throws the responsibility on man *to make it harmonious*. But even as empiricists, believing in freedom, recognizing the necessity of action, and accepting ultimate facts that apparently do not harmonize, we demand unity as the ultimate ideal, and believe we have as good a right to deem life ultimately congruous as to believe it fundamentally moral. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the universe can be moral without being congruous. And as difficult as it may be to harmonize the strangely diverse data of sense experience, spiritual aspiration, and philosophic thought, the question persistently presents itself, How can things cohere yet appear incoherent?

Taking a brief glance over the field strewn with hypotheses once offered in solution of this problem of problems, the unity

of the one and the many,* we find that the theory of universal or absolute flux, that nothing is constant except change, is open to the objection that it offers no ultimately harmonious self, no systematic permanent amidst the transient or impermanent, as the ultimate ground of life; it does not account for immutable law, design, purpose, or ethics; it does not explain consciousness of change, which Green†, among others, conclusively shows to be different from the change itself. John Stuart Mill's doctrine of ultimate sensations, like and unlike existing side by side, brings us no nearer the solution of our problem; since it furnishes no principle of unity. Materialism has utterly failed to meet the demands put upon it, for it has proved itself unable to account for consciousness. The doctrine that my ego alone exists is equally inadequate, for it leaves me with a wealth of experience, laws, and objectivities which I did not create. Clearly, the true philosophy must be as broad and rich as physical science, as high and beautiful as ethics and religion, as practical as the philanthropy of the great-hearted men and women of our day who are solving the social problem.

In the April Arena I have considered a theory which tries to attain this unity by an assertion of it: "all is good"; "whatever is, is right"; but have rejected this doctrine because it subordinates the moral law, and offers no real explanation of the ultimate constitution of things. Pessimism has proved equally arbitrary through its dogmatic affirmation of the worthlessness of this life, and its inability to show the relation of an existence that is as bad as it can be to a universe that is in some way good enough to hold together as a consecutive system. All purely logical theories, all universes of mere thought, are likewise inadequate, owing to their neglect of the factor of activity and the realities of spiritual insight. Bradley's theory of the Absolute and its Appearances,‡ although a decided advance in fundamental metaphysical

* See an able discussion of this subject by Prof. D. G. Ritchie, *Mind*, New Series, No. 28, Oct. 1898, London, England.

† "Prolegomena to Ethics," Book I.

‡ "Appearance and Reality," New York, Macmillan & Co.

thought, is, nevertheless, unsatisfactory in the form in which he presents it, because of its negatively paradoxical, ultimately contradictory conclusions.

If reality be unknowable, as Spencer and his followers maintain, it is utterly futile to philosophize about the harmony of life. Mysticism or spiritual pantheism is yet farther from the desideratum; for it assumes that all is simply God. According to this view, there are no finite selves, consequently there is no moral order, no field of individual action. Of what use then to speculate about ultimate harmony, or inquire about the place and meaning of discord, when, in truth, there is naught but harmony, and all seeming discord is an "illusion," erroneously contemplated by an illusory individual? If this were true, if God were without qualities, without parts, simply an immensity of perfection, with no beings to manifest him, further intellectual inquiry would be futile. Such a conception is irreconcilable with the world of actual fact. A pure undifferentiated "Absolute" or "ocean of bliss" is not an intelligible basis of our complex universe.*

If we agree with Hegel that "whatever is real, is rational," there must be a rational ground for this complexity. The existence of the universe cannot be a delusion. Even if its real nature is partly veiled in illusion, there must be a reality to produce the illusion, since there is no presentation without something presented, no finite life of suffering unless God knows it, no evolving world unless he lives and moves in it. The universe cannot be a succession of shadows cast by shadows; something real exists, whose nature perfectly accounts for the character of the shadow. This concrete world is the real world, not the world of a hypothetical Absolute.

Ultimate Being is not divorced from the trials, errors, and trivialities of finite life. Differences are not "lost," or "absorbed in the Absolute"; our struggles are known to God, otherwise they could not exist, otherwise intelligibility is surrendered. Reality is not a mere sea in which every drop is

* I shall, however, consider the claims of this philosophy more in detail in the next article in this series.

like the next drop ; it is infinitely, minutely diverse. Hegel shows that there is nothing which is a mere one, an eternal self-sameness. Reality is essentially a many in one ; identity exists only through difference. "There will neither be selves nor things," says Bradley,* "nor, in brief, *any intelligible act*, unless on the assumption that sameness in diversity is real." Our deepest experience or consciousness every moment reveals this unity amidst multiplicity as the fundamental fact, a concrete unity behind which we cannot go. "Thought involves analysis and synthesis," says Bradley, "and if the law of contradiction forbade diversity it would forbid thinking altogether. . . . Thought cannot do without differences, but on the other hand it cannot make them."

Our consciousness reveals both feeling and thought, spirit and form, life and intellect, force and the law which directs it. Therefore we expect to find somewhat in Ultimate Being corresponding to spirit and intellect. We do not actually observe uniformity, but the mind discovers it by comparison of experiences, and formulates the law. Hence arises the conception of principles conceivably valid for the entire universe, for example, uniformity, conservation, and evolution. These principles and the forces governed by them, must be grounded in the activity of Ultimate Being.

Out of the foregoing facts and conclusions of our consciousness, I will now try to state the case for the harmony or unity of life, without, however, making my account in the least technical, and without assuming to have solved any part of the great problem ; my object is simply to restate the question in the light of the tendencies of living, present-day thought.

That thought is essentially practical, human. In the long run nothing is so interesting as human life, with its struggles, joys, and vicissitudes. Here, where the wayward heart throbs, where men and women are struggling and evolving, is the place where the truth is to be made known. He who lives and moves and thinks with this great social organism has

* "Appearance and Reality," p. 351.

no need of speculative abstractions. Indeed the thought of the time is becoming more and more concrete. The thinker is coming out of his subjective shell of egoism and *a priori* conservatism, and becoming more receptive, progressive. The tendency, in a word, is toward an altruistic solution, the belief that only by attaining a high degree of social virtue can one know the deep realities of philosophic truth. Thus the idea of an abstract Absolute, monotonously perfect and solitary, is fading out just as the creator who made the world out of nothing, then retreated to the throne of grace, has been effaced from the minds of men. The old order was absolutism, changeless perfection, selfishness; the appeal to logic; icy separateness. The new order is coöperation, brotherhood, progress, a concrete God evolving with us, steadily perfecting the social organism; it is an appeal to fact, to feeling, incomplete experience, and common sense. And the present day thinker looks upon the world with hope just because of this intimately close relationship of God and man, of evolution and that which causes it.

If we look back of this great movement, then, and ask, In what sense may it be deemed ultimately harmonious? the least we can say is, that at the foundation of the total universe there is a balance of harmony over discord. Whether or not this ultimate harmony be essentially immutable as a unit I do not venture to say. I hazard the statement only that its sum-total of energy is ever the same, it always and universally functions according to law, it is eternally alive; and if it does not change in essence, at any rate its activity is continuously manifested in gradually changed or varied forms. Its unity consists in the fact that it is one Power, its variety in the fact that it is a differentiated life, not an "absolute block," but forever passing forward to a new moment of being.

The existence of ultimate Being as one Power, manifesting itself in a uniform manner, implies beauty of character, a coherence, which omnipotence regulated by wisdom, alone could give. Such a Being need not at any given moment possess all knowledge, for this may be the gift of eternity, the con-

tribution of universal experience through all the ages in all worlds, and through the intellectual, moral, and spiritual growth of all men. But if perfection is to characterize the total eternal life, the ultimate nature of such a Being must be at all times sufficiently harmonious to render this objective or manifested perfection possible, so that ultimate chaos can never come. Life at any moment and in minutest detail is founded upon harmony; not absolute harmony, because the next moment may reveal the entire infiniverse in a new light, but the advancing harmony, the eternal experience of the progressing God. Certain aspects are potential only, some are active, and some are quiescent memories. The Power remains, harmony abides, law endures, forms come and go. Ideality is anterior to actuality, and actuality leaves its impress upon the face of time. Thus the multiverse of God is always growing richer, while fresh possibilities ever come forward to contribute their share.

The fact that the harmony of the universe is ever going forward to accomplishment, implies that there is constant adjustment of means to ends, continuous endeavor to realize types or ideals. The method which ultimate Being chooses to attain this end I take to be precisely the method of evolution which we observe in our human world today.

·Everywhere
The lower doth ascend from law to law,
In growths that brook no hindrance and no haste,
Vast-organized, unstaying.

Since these contrasted conditions of failure and success exist, it is clear that they are recognized and deemed purposive by ultimate Being. In this sense, the entire world-system may be called good, the effort of harmony to achieve its full self. But the fact that man as a part of this system is allowed to experiment and act on his own responsibility, implies that discord also reigns. For he alone achieves harmony who is wise. Man is born in ignorance, and in-harmony is the inevitable accompaniment of his evolution. Belief in ultimate harmony, in system and purpose does

not, therefore, contradict the moral law, nor does it compel the classification of all deeds and circumstances as good—a confused doctrine which we have discarded in the foregoing discussion. From the present point of view, it is the divine tendency, the purpose only that is unqualifiedly good. The divine power achieves the greatest good through us only when man freely chooses and expresses it. The doctrine which starts with abstract perfection or harmony as the only reality, then concludes that, because goodness is omnipresent, there is no sin, no sickness, no evil, but all these are illusory has no place in rational thought, nor does rational thought inculcate *laissez faire* economics or invertebrate optimism.

What people need is not to be made contented with the present social conditions, but made to *think*, to become ethical, to coöperate with the higher order which is seeking to achieve harmony. The golden age is yet to be. Man has not fallen, he is rising. Misery and evil are not illusory, they are actualities, and must first be understood before they can be eliminated. The harmony of the universe still has an incalculable amount of work to achieve. And never will the ideal be made real by lazily sitting back in the chair of pseudo-metaphysics, with the belief that all is bound to end well. The universe needs action. It demands thought. It calls for persistent effort. It requires us to study the principles of harmony, health, happiness, freedom, and social equality, and calls upon us to do our utmost to secure the realization of these ideals.

My argument, therefore, is a revolt against all abstract systems of thought, a contention for the living, striving Power which makes for righteousness, whose presence each soul may discover, both within and without. It is an affirmation, not that things are now harmonious, that justice is done, that man is free, but that there is an eternal equity, an encompassing beauty which wills that justice shall reign, and calls upon you and me to hasten the day by displaying justice to our neighbor. The harmony of life is, therefore, very far from life as we find it today; filled as it is with inequalities, strife,

and selfishness. This is but the raw material out of which the Achiever purposes to evolve harmony, and we are to look not to the present social order to discover what shall be, but to the higher order yet to come ; for the present social order is already condemned by the presence of the higher order, the ethical ideal, the spirit of love, of justice, and beauty, which calls upon all men to turn from the god of selfishness and hate and adore the God of righteousness, the omnipresent Wisdom, the omniscient Harmony.

Out of the deeps of ultimate Being, then, proceeds the outgoing or achieving life, the energy behind all evolution, the progressing consciousness of God. It touches the tiny atom and makes it psychic, it breathes upon the air and sets it in rhythmic movement, it draws force to force, and gives birth to heat, moves upon the formless and lifts it aloft in form, quickens inorganic matter, and causes it to pulse with life, calls the animal cell forth from the vegetal, and the human from the animal. Beginning with the lowest, upward through every phase of activity or life which the universe knows, all things exist in order and degree, all things are to be understood by us in order and degree, as lower and higher.

All change, all growth, is primarily due to the quickening of this achieving harmony ; the result is due to the reaction of the individual moved upon. Man, who possesses the greatest power of reaction, can cause the greatest discord. If God alone were here, we could classify all results as harmonious. But God does not live alone. Man acts, man is ignorant, hence the need of distinctions. Whatever comes from God tends to be right. Whatever comes from man reveals his imperfections of development. The world, as we know it, is a mixed quantity, and our only hope of understanding it lies in full knowledge of discord as well as of harmony.

Here, then, is the meaning of our belief in harmony. Each moment of life a Power is present with us which faith and reason assure us is good,

The immanent and all-pervading Presence,
The one vast, throbbing pulse which moves the sphere.

How are we to know this upwelling harmony from our own discordant selves? By experience. No criterion has been proposed which shall infallibly tell us of its presence; no such criterion is possible. Nor have many arisen who have obeyed its inspirations in every detail, nor many who could tell another what it means to obey; for it has an individual message to each soul.

The first essential is recognition of its presence. When the musician elaborates and perfects his theme, until every note voices its harmony, he is applying this principle. His inner sense is not pleased until unity pervades his composition. The careful writer is equally attentive to harmony; his sentences must possess a certain rhythm, not one word too many, not one too few. The poet, opening his soul to the universal melodies, embodies the same rhythm in his verse, and we say of an unhappy figure or misplaced word, that it is a "false touch."

These are familiar illustrations, but they prepare the way for the application of the principle to obscurer themes. Seek those friends, those opportunities for service which rhyme with your state of development at the time. Ask concerning all mooted questions, when you are hesitating how to act, Is this in harmony with my better self, with the moral law? Is it a loving, righteous act? Or, if you cannot immediately decide, start out in some direction tentatively, then examine the result. Does it bring satisfaction? Do you conclude that you have acted wisely? If you are still perplexed, make several trials, each time pausing to test your action in the light of the highest standard you know at the time. The universe can ask no more of you than this.

Again, seek harmony of physical surroundings. Each article of food, for example, has its specific quality. If you crave a simple diet, such as fruits, grains, and vegetables, follow this moving as far as possible. Seek a higher range of harmonies, as you would seek a new circle of friends. All progress is composed of similar readjustments, and what is one's meat is sure to be another's poison, to the end of time.

If it be advisable to live where the climate is not what you would prefer, seek the beauties of weather, learn to enjoy a rainy day, find delight in a snow-storm, discover the soft lights and shades of cloud-land, the relaxing tendency of summer's heat. This sounds like a mere platitude, but it is a possibility worth considering.

He is happiest who has the widest range of likes. That one may greatly enlarge one's sphere of interests becomes evident from close observation of those who are always complaining,—they do not like and do not try to like, they decide that they can never endure, even before they have made the attempt, and their very attitude invites annoyance.

It is asking much of those who are ill at sea to enter into harmony with the rhythm of the waves, to rise and fall in thought and motion with the pitching and rolling of a steamer. But the victory has been won, and it is a delightful sensation to those who can enter into this swaying and heaving. A storm at sea inspires fear or the sense of grandeur, according to the sentiment of the voyager. One readily understands why the sea possesses such fascination for the sailor, why he is happiest in a storm; for he is in adjustment to the ocean's vibration, the harp of consciousness responds to the vigorous music of the wind. Such men, as well as great lovers of nature, woodsmen and hunters, impress the beholder as souls who have communed with God, and borne away a life, a spirit of beauty, which most of us miss who live in cities.

There is a corresponding rhythm in every machine, every vehicle, and the motion of animals. Many have learned to observe this rhythm in walking, thus practising economy of motion, and deriving more benefit from the exercise. If our voices were better trained we might attain, by careful modulation and intonation, a harmony of utterance now seldom heard.

The same symmetry of inner and outer man is realized in a measure by those who dress artistically, those whose attire expresses individuality. One's entire environment may, in

fact, not only find harmony within, but be so adapted as to express harmony without.

We may some time learn to rear our houses and construct bridges, monuments, and other buildings, so that they will not yield to the ravages of weather. We may learn how to live so as to be ever young, so as to weather all calamity. There is no detail too small to deserve notice. Freedom from worryment and nervousness, the cultivation of serenity or poise, is, perhaps, the most effectual means; for it tends to lift the entire life to its high level.

In the beautiful economy of nature no energy is lost. Every detail of your life and mine is provided for with a care, a foresight, unutterably wise; that is, the moving is here—the tendency. It is a chance whether or not one accepts the opportunity, but nature does not fail.

In order to test the presence of this prompting, pause again and again and await its coming. Begin the day in this spirit, and do not rise or take up any work, until you feel that the right time has come. When you do not know what to undertake, wait until you do. If you are at a loss to know how to settle an important question tomorrow, ask yourself if you have something right and wise to do today. If so, do it well. When tomorrow comes, some one will come to your assistance, you will meet the right person at the right time, guidance will come. For, if you are doing a work which is necessary to the universe, the universe will see that you are clothed and fed. When you are moving in harmony with Ultimate Power, know that the regular march of events will swiftly bring what you require, when you require it—never before. Impatience is discord; trust is harmony. The law is as exact as mathematics.

But remember the conditions, the integrity of the moral law, the necessity of careful discrimination, the standards of lower and higher. One is likely to be deceived again and again. There is one persistent remedy: Begin again, experiment, watch and pray. After a time one shall feel the inner harmony distinctly enough to say, This is a part of the

cosmos, I will obey. I have nothing to do with that. This is the dictate of the Highest. That, I will not waste energy upon.

For all things that are harmoniously a part of the cosmos there is a fitting time, a proper occasion, not a time which fate has decreed, for no one can foretell the hour of its coming, but an opportunity which shall reveal itself unexpectedly — when the conditions are ripe. "There's a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune." While we are living and thinking, out of the apparently fruitless present the occasion shall arise and one will say, This is my opportunity. As one looks back upon life, one sees how everything tended toward the climax of that hour. But no one by reading the tendencies could have exactly calculated the coming of the occasion. It was not truly your opportunity until you seized it. That it would come, knowledge of evolutionary law led you to believe highly probable. Yet you could only await its coming.

When the seeds were ready, one by one,
Through the earth they broke;
When the bud was ready, lo! the sun
Touched it, and it awoke.

When the heart was ready, half a breath
Rent the veil it wore;
When the soul was ready, loving death
Oped a wider door.

One may apply this principle in every phase of life. Some one gives me a book which I am urged immediately to read. No, my friend cannot tell when that book will do me the greatest good. I lay it away upon the shelf. A year hence I am writing an essay and need enlightenment upon a certain point. I recollect the book. Behold! it was written for me.

Or, suppose I try to write a letter that ought not to be written. I misspell a word. I drop ink. I omit a sentence. By and by, when I have ruined two or three sheets in a vain attempt, I bethink myself and conclude that I am off the

road to harmony. Again, I begin to write to a friend simply because I have always written to him, and think I must. But I discover that I have nothing to say. Then I will not write. Perhaps we are no longer to play a part in each other's lives. The hour is too precious to waste it upon a negative occupation.

At another time, a desire arises to travel. Accordingly, if I am not yet fully convinced of the comprehensiveness of this great law, I map out my course, engage my passage, and go. I have a fairly profitable trip, but I have to contend with obstacles from beginning to end. Somehow I seem to have gone away to please myself, and I am conscious of having gone contrary to the ultimate harmony.

Suppose that when the desire came I had said to myself, Very well, I will go when the time comes, be it next year or five years hence. When the time comes, everything opens before me. Nature is giving me a vacation because she needs my services when I am rested.

Does not this running of all things together to a common end explain what is called "good luck"? The lucky man is one who by instinct, temperament, genius, or understanding has fallen into line with the harmony of the cosmos. He is not fated to be lucky. Each time he must choose, must adjust himself or take the current when it serves, follow the line of least resistance, strike while the iron is hot. His less fortunate neighbor, complainingly looks on and cries aloud in ignorance, misery, or idleness, that the universe is unjust, that fortune falls in the lap of the lucky man. But this lucky man is an indefatigable worker. While the idle complainer thinks the lucky man is also idly awaiting fortune, the latter is incessantly studying, laboring, achieving. All that comes to him is the exact result of his persistent, unsparing toil. He moves along the line of least resistance because careful observation has taught him its law. He is rewarded because he is faithful. All things work together for good because he is doing work essential to the evolution of the cosmos.

The understanding of this law also explains the place and meaning of prayer. One man prays for manifold things which do not come. He prays in a loud voice and uses the formulas of others. Another's prayer is the spontaneous welling of desire, clothed in words of his own. All that he prays for comes, because he seeks that which is in line with his development. He does not want things for himself, but for the cosmos. He prays, formulates an ideal, aspires, then immediately does that which shall prepare the way for what he desires. He answers his own prayer, for answer to prayer, the realization of ideals, work and coöperation with evolution, mean the same.

Since the harmony of the universe is poise, balance, fitness, beauty, there must be moderation, equanimity, poise, in all our endeavors to answer prayer. There must be a balance between spirit and form. Do not be either too precise, intellectually exact, on the one hand, or vaguely, indiscriminately spiritual or loving, on the other. Law is the intellect, the precision, the form of God. The energy of evolution is the spirit, which gives life to the form. Intellect, law, renders the spirit definite, wisdom gives balance to love. Never shall either the beauty or precision, the spirit or meaning of the universe be adequately interpreted until man shall attain poise of intellect and spirit in his own life, in his thought. Man must both feel the spirit of life, and think its law, must both enjoy and study, appreciate and understand. Neither beauty nor law is adequate alone, neither spirit nor form, love nor wisdom, receptivity nor activity. Life's prose is the mate of its poetry, utility is the other half of beauty.

In this practical age of ours we are in danger of becoming sordidly practical, to the exclusion of the imagination, the sense of the beautiful, the music of life. But beauty, rightly understood, is the clue to utility. The universe does not exist for utility alone, but for beauty. It was wrought in beauty or order. Without beauty it could not endure, yet law alone would be barren without morals, the spirit, love, service. The exclusion of the one for the other is a prime cause of

inharmonious in life. The time will come when the one will be as much sought after as the other. With the dawning of that day the age shall witness the waning of the power of materialism, and a fresh revelation of the spirit.

Whenever you hear man or woman decrying intellect, you may at once know that there is one-sidedness somewhere, since intellect, that which discriminates, individuates; the definite type, genus, or species is one-half the glory of creation—that which lies at the basis of all differentiation through evolution—and is founded in the ultimately differentiated character of God himself.

Or, if on the other hand, intellect be exalted and spirit degraded, you may know that the life, the love element has been deprived of its true place. Therefore the more acutely intellectual one can be without sacrificing the spirit, the nearer the approach to the heart of life; and the more spiritually receptive, without permitting that receptivity to become indiscriminate, the better will be the general result. Each time we find ourselves becoming too intellectual, we must give ear to the spirit. When we observe ourselves becoming vague, we must reverse the machinery and cultivate precision of thought. Thus by continual interaction shall harmony be finally attained.

Is the spirit the higher? It would seem more accurate to say that it is the more comprehensive. The spirit perceives, feels, the intellect formulates what it can. But what the intellect cannot define today, it may tomorrow, because the spirit has moved forward. It is therefore unfair to the intellect to affirm that its limitations are such as to preclude rational definition. Await the fuller vision, and when the spirit sees farther, the definitions of the intellect shall be improved.

One shall, therefore, attain full adjustment to the achieving harmony of the universe only by making this adjustment not only spiritual, but by developing the intellect as far as it demands, by being true to the moral sense, by neglecting no call of physical nature. Life is a poem whose beauty we seek

to interpret, whose meaning we try to formulate in terms of beauty. There is harmony among the atoms, as truly as among the stars, a wealth of musical interplay amid infinitesimal motion. But the fact that it is a moving harmony requires our consciousness to be progressive. Found your desire to know this harmony, therefore, upon the law of evolution. Much energy has been wasted in the past, on account of the mistaken idea that harmony is a motionless mosaic. It is a beauty that pauses not nor fades. It ever vanishes upon one horizon, to appear upon another.

There is a wise, ethical, best-way to do everything. That way is made known, the guidance discovers itself when the need arises. Await the fitness of time and you shall know this wisest way and have power given you to pursue it. There are times when the universe has less for us to do, when we may rest, knowing that God will call us when the next need arises. There are times, too, when we are puzzled, troubled. Then, happy thought! I have forgotten God. What has the universe in store? What ought I to do? Straightway comes the guidance, and I am happy again.

Is this not the entire secret, namely, on all doubtful occasions, on all subjects whatsoever, to pause, observe, listen, then move forward again, coöperating with the prompting that has come, following the guiding wisdom? If so, spend all your energy here. Quicken your moral sense that you may be alive to the right, in minutest detail. Try to feel the harmonious tendency in every emotion, in every sensation coming from the physical world. Sharpen your intellect that it may discover the finest structure of ideas. Repose in watchful reverie until your consciousness reveals the next step in personal evolution. If the train of thought breaks and you lose touch with its beauty, wait for the word you lost, the idea that escaped, that which joins with the last word you wrote, the last deed you performed. Only through this exquisite touch of thought shall the vast world of beauty about us be known. Each must be poet, musician, philosopher, artisan, in his special sphere. Vicarious oneness with

God is utterly impossible. The harmonious soul shall be made so only at home. It is futile to lean upon others. It is of little avail to speculate. For the harmony of the universe is divine, and is truly known through divine revelation. All that God asks of us is that we shall cultivate all our senses, neglecting neither mind nor heart, body nor soul. Then forth through our instruments shall stream the poetic strains of his eternally progressing beauty, the heart shall know it as love, the mind as truth, the conscience as goodness, and through this perfect trinity from out life's darkest mystery the meaning shall be called.

HORATIO W. DRESSER.

Boston.

COMMONPLACE.

HE was an ordinary boy of the ordinary American sort. There was nothing about him to distinguish him from any other of ten million American boys. He had lived all his life in an American town which was always promising to grow into an American city, but never doing it. He had attended the public school which never grew quite big enough to be graded after the fashion of the city schools. He had made his way through the arithmetic, the grammar, and the geography; had mastered the algebra, and had even taken one term in geometry. He had studied Latin for a time, and could read his *Cæsar*, slowly and painfully, with many references to the grammar and the lexicon.

Now, he was twenty-two, strong, hopeful, ignorant of nearly everything he should have known, and a clerk in the most prosperous grocery store in town. His mother was proud of the way her boy was getting along in the world, and dreamed forward to the time when he might himself own the store and be, perhaps, the mayor or a member of the legislature. He was the embryo of a "substantial citizen." His feet were set on a fairly easy path to a stupid,

useless, soul-dwarfing life of petty successes and failures in struggles for things which are striven for only because they are a part of our common stock of ideals. There was nothing extraordinary about him in any way. He had the ordinary American laziness in religious belief, coupled with the American instinct to abstain from swearing in the presence of the preacher, and with the American expectation to join the church, "after a while," and thus make sure of safety in the hereafter. This bit of prudence was, as usual, put into the "after a while," because he did not propose, even for bliss in the hereafter, to lose his chance of a taste of the world and all its possible delights. The pulse of youth was in him, and the American business instinct, and like most American boys he half-consciously planned to enjoy himself in both worlds. This leads directly to the confession for him that, like most American boys, he was, in his thoughts and imaginings, as frankly responsive to the demands of life and passion as any Greek god or Norse hero, or any other self-indulgent and masterful being who has no intention of being limited by the opinions of others, and no strong conviction that he ought to be.

His mother had screened him as carefully from evil influences as she herself had been screened by her mother. She thought of him as a good boy, growing up to be a strictly moral man. The latter part of her judgment was true, perhaps, but like the typical American mother, she never even dreamed of the moral state of the embryo of the model citizen. Her plans did not miscarry. Her boy was not exposed to "bad influences," but, nevertheless, the life within him utterly disregarded the rules of morality which to her were imperative. He gazed unconcernedly past her teachings to the activities which he wanted.

He grew up with other boys like himself, and talked his heart out to them without restraint. They confided to him in turn, and so, for himself and for them, he came to think of disregard of his mother's moral code as quite the proper and manly thing. This growth of opinion was very curious.

He believed that the rules were true and right ; he believed with equal sincerity that it was manly and admirable for boys and men to disregard them ; he rather despised any man too weak to refuse to be bound by them ; and he laughed, with the others, at this inconsistent position as the greatest imaginable joke. It made the point of most of his stories, its contradiction being stated over and over in many forms, and always provoking mirth and interest.

In one regard his mother's rules were binding upon even his lawless imagination. Just as he expected some day to join the church and make sure of going to heaven, so he expected some day to marry a "good girl," and have a "happy home." His ideals in this respect were thoroughly and characteristically masculine and American, and have been fully expressed by the fast young man in the popular play, who says : "When I want a girl for 'keeps,' I want her good." It will be seen that he, like most American boys, was a devout believer in a double standard of morals. It is difficult to see how he could have been otherwise. His mother's years of training could not be reasonably expected to have no effect at all upon his ideas of life and conduct, and his complete acceptance of her teachings as the rules of conduct for her sex was a full half of what she had been seeking. His own mental emancipation from them was also not so very surprising. Life was his in full measure, in a body with a completer and more sensitive nervous system than was ever known in the world until American men commenced to be born. That is saying that temptation appealed to him in full measure and with every possible allurements. Of course, he had no impulse to put a bridle on himself. The American blood is all Western and young, and not Eastern and decadent. We have not the instinct of asceticism, however devoutly we may sometimes intellectually accept its teachings. In spite of what we may sometimes believe, the will to live and to enjoy every agreeable sensation is too strong to promise that the American man will soon consent to take less of life than all he can get. This confused state of

morals is unreasonable ; it affronts the American instinct for consistency, but the opposing forces are so strong and so persistent that it is difficult to see how our ideals of life are to be made reasonable and harmonious, and at the same time both moral and generally acceptable.

To be sure, our hero — let us call him Sam, for the name is as commonplace as the character we are considering — did get a glimpse of another ideal, but it was only a glimpse, and there is little ground for hope that he untangled the knot which the antagonistic forces of morality and of life seemed to be drawing ever tighter and tighter.

One day Sam looked into a girl's face, and saw something he had never dreamed of before. He had known the girl as long as he could remember, and yet he had never seen anything like this. He had in the past, indeed, occasionally thought of her as one who, if she continued true to his mother's rules, might some day be desirable as a wife. Oftener, because his mind was usually employed with more alluring consideration, he thought of her as one whom he would mightily like to persuade to cast aside his mother's rules and to accept life as frankly and unquestioningly as a boy.

Now, she appealed to him in neither way. She was so wonderfully sweet and pure that it seemed that no act could sully her in the slightest. She seemed so strong, so friendly, so immeasurably wise, that he felt that whatever she might say must be true, and that he would follow unquestioningly wherever she might lead. She was as ordinary an American girl as can be imagined ; good, sweet, bright, true, with—like Sam—unfathomable depths of ignorance of all that she should have known, and, like him again, with infinite possibilities of development and growth. But Sam was in love, and she seemed to him to be, not what she really was, but all that she had possibility of becoming. He saw her as she might some time be, and did not know that the poet's imagination and the religious instinct in him—also so characteristically American—were deceiving him into such happiness as he

would not have been honestly entitled to until they both had developed for half a life-time, at least.

And Annie—for so let us name her—was having an experience very like Sam's. She saw him, as he had seen her, developed far past the stage in which they were really living, and he seemed all strength, and wisdom, and manly invincibility.

She believed devoutly all that his mother believed. He seemed to her so good and strong that she assumed unquestioningly that he was the embodiment of her ideals. He took her assumption as the authoritative teaching of ineffable goodness and perfect wisdom, and promptly, by a moral transfiguration, became, so far as his ideals went, all that she was expecting. When one is first in love, the poet-soul is uppermost, and a new religion or a new ideal finds it as easy to take possession of one's being as the sun finds it to throw light into a house where the doors and windows have all been widely opened.

They married and settled down, as the fairy stories always say, "to be happy ever after." Of course, I cannot attest whether they were or not, for I have not the gift of seeing through walls and drawn curtains, or closed breasts and discreet countenances. Two things, however, have caused me misgivings. Annie's mother, after the ceremony, went away by herself and wept convulsively; and Sam's father, as I walked down town with him next day, said that he was glad to see Sam married and settled down, even though marriage was not "all that it was cracked up to be," and then told me a "rattling good story," with an unprintable climax, which I recognized as one that Sam had been fond of telling—before he saw strange things in Annie's face.

JOHN H. MARBLE.

San Francisco.

WAS JEFFERSON A DEMOCRAT?

WAS Jefferson a democrat? The Democracy of today says, "Yes, he was the founder of the party."

Samuel J. Tilden spoke of him as "the Father of Democracy." No democratic orator regards a speech as having the proper climax without a reference to the third president of the United States and "Jeffersonian principles." No democratic editor thinks his political leader a clincher or a crusher unless it contains allusions to "the Sage of Monticello." No history of the democratic party follows other than the tradition that has been forced to do duty on innumerable partisan occasions "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

In April 1896 a democratic excursion went to the home of Thomas Jefferson, and there, in sight of his tomb, "reconsecrated" the tradition that he was, and is the founder of the democratic party.

During the last presidential campaign, the "Jeffersonian Democracy" references and claims were many times multiplied. With swiftly recurring iteration one heard the refrain of the sentence with which Ex-Senator Thurman at Port Huron, Mich., in 1888 closed his speech, "I hope what I have said may give you occasion for reflection, and lead you to support that grand old party which was founded by Jefferson."

How far this Jeffersonian pretension is well-grounded, deserves the compliment of at least a brief investigation.

"What's in a name?" is often asked, if not so frequently answered. That a name means much, nay, is almost indispensable to the prosperity of any party, admits of no question. To call a political organization by some name characterizing only some one of its attributes is a hindrance certain in time to frustrate the purpose of the founders. The old federal party suffered from such a misfortune, from which its rival the (first) republican party was happily free. The term

"Democracy" at the close of the last century was burdened too heavily with odium to make it profitable for a party designation. It came too near being a synonym for anarchy, as the generation of Washington had reason to view the word in the light of French revolutionary excesses. The incendiary radicalism of democratic clubs in the United States was sufficient warning to any sensible organization aspiring to control national politics to avoid so prejudicial a title. In the circumstances, the first "republican" party, of which Thomas Jefferson was the priest and prophet, chose its name wisely. This name was generic, and constantly reminded the American people of the monarchical tyranny from which they had escaped and of the peoples' rule in which they had found refuge. In the uprising of the masses against classes, party names played an intense part, of which this generation has little conception. Still, now, as in all the past, a fitting political name is at once a rallying cry and an enunciation of principles, more effective than any platform. "What other name would help this temperance political movement so much as to call the new party 'The Anti-Dram-Shop Party?'" This proclaims exactly what we are and what we mean to do." In that view Gerrit Smith was right.

A significant note in political barrel-organ music is the democratic party's unremitting insistence on the claim that the old republican party was simply the childhood and youth of its own stalwart maturity. The exhibition calls to mind the anxiety and labor expended by ambitious Hellenic families in the palmy days of Greece to trace their ancestral origin to the heroes who fought on the Trojan plains; or the equally vain Englishmen who would have it understood that their progenitors landed with William the Conqueror. To accomplish a similar feat, the democracy has wasted more ingenuity than was ever spent to prove that the jack-knife which had been wholly renewed, a part at a time, was no other than the original instrument. The party's mouthpieces in substance assert that not only was Jefferson its founder, but that it has had an uninterrupted history of one hundred years.

But the fact cannot be read out of print, that all the great histories of the United States speak of the opponents of the federal organization as the "Republican" party. The World Almanac for 1898 (certainly a democratic authority) gives a list of the country's presidents, and the designation "Democratic" does not appear until the name of Andrew Jackson is reached. According to that handbook, Jefferson was a Republican; so was Madison, likewise Monroe, not to mention John Quincy Adams. On one occasion, Jefferson, in an outburst of admiration, wrote, "It is fortunate that our first executive magistrate is purely and zealously republican." That is, of the writer's own political class, because of political views and policies. It is almost superfluous to say that the genealogists of democracy find these circumstances a fountain of unhappiness. In a speech at Kansas City in 1888, Senator Vest of Missouri declared that the present republican party had stolen not only the name of the first republican party, but the principles of the democracy. Even this partisan claim reveals how little foot room the democratic party has for its pretension to a century-old history. The federal party soon disappeared from history. Its last notable appearance was in the notorious Hartford Convention in 1814. This was representative enough to complete the destruction which federalist indiscretions had amply begun. Republicans in the administration of Monroe had the country to themselves, and during the presidency of John Quincy Adams factional zeal, combination, and discipline were unequal to the task of buoying up distinctive names and antagonistic policies. Truthfully could Adams say in his inaugural address :

"Ten years of peace at home and abroad have assuaged the animosities of political contention, and blended into harmony the most discordant elements of public opinion."

Politics then consisted more in loyalty to a leader than in devotion to a creed. Adams' rivals for presidential honors, Crawford, Clay, and Jackson, were likewise republicans.

The latter, like the son of Massachusetts, believed in high tariff, and a system of internal improvements. For convenience, the supporters of the administration were known as the "ins," and its opponents as the "outs." When Jackson reached the White House, his determined will and aggressive personality aided circumstances in dividing the people into distinct and confronting parties. Soon the public became as familiar with the names of whig and democrat as it was with those of Webster and Benton. It was not until 1832 that the word "democrat" began its duties as the appellation of a party. In that year the first democratic *national* convention nominated Martin Van Buren for Vice-President to run with Andrew Jackson, who was serving his first term. In his letter of acceptance, Mr. Van Buren said :

"I cannot but regard this spontaneous expression of confidence and friendship from the delegated *Democracy* of the Union as laying me under renewed obligations of gratitude to them, and of fidelity to the great interests for whose advancement they were assembled. It is to be hoped, however, that nothing will occur to impair the harmony and affection which have hitherto bound together in one political brotherhood the *Republicans* of the North and the South, the East and the West."

In that communication the nominee used the word "Democracy" as synonymous with "Republicans." The designation captured the fancy of his political sympathizers, and then, and not before, did the new party, founded by Jackson and Van Buren, have an appropriate title, superscription, and the beginning of a history.

At the custom house the two great parties line up in opposition, and no prophet can predict the end of the antagonism. The doctrine of protection is fundamental with the republican party of today. This organization believes that a protective tariff is not only constitutional, but necessary both for the raising of sufficient revenue and the industrial welfare of the American people. It contends that without such a system capital would lack in prosperity, and labor in bread. The

democracy, on the contrary, looks upon protection as without constitutional sanction and without the logic of necessity; as a trammel on the country's foreign commerce, a bounty to favored classes, a tax on the many, and even a menace to free institutions. Individuals in the democratic party may favor protective ideas, but the face of the organization is resolutely set toward free trade. Forty years ago the democracy declared in its platform: "The time has come for the people of the United States to declare themselves in favor of free trade throughout the world." It has since repeatedly veiled the demand then so unreservedly expressed, in "tariff for revenue only" phraseology. But in the messages of its presidents, in the leaders of its newspaper organs, and in the speeches of its orators, the relentless hostility of the party to the system of protection is emphatically avowed.

The question is as old as the national government, so that the early presidents had ample opportunity to reveal their views and record their preferences. One merit of Thomas Jefferson was, that he took the world into his confidence upon every public question of his time. His opinions people who ran might easily read. Fortunately, circumstances were such as to evoke clear expressions from Mr. Jefferson, defining his views on the subject of protection. By no quirk of sophistry can they be made to coincide with the recognized canons of "democratic" free trade.

In his message to Congress, December 15, 1802, Jefferson stated these to be the rightful objects of public care:

"To cultivate peace and maintain commerce and navigation in all their lawful enterprises; to foster our fisheries as nurseries of navigation and for the nurture of men, and protect the manufactures adapted to our circumstances, etc."

"Shall we," asked Jefferson in his message of December 2, 1806, "suppress the impost and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufactures?"

Considering in his message of November 8, 1808, the effects of the suspension of foreign commerce, he observed: "The

situation into which we have thus been forced, has impelled us to apply a portion of our industry and capital to internal manufactures and improvements. The extent of this conversion is daily increasing, and little doubt remains that the establishments formed and forming will, under the auspices of cheaper materials and subsistence, the freedom of labor from taxation with us, and of protecting duties and prohibitions become permanent."

"My idea is that we should encourage home manufactures to the extent of our home consumption of everything of which we raise the raw material," was Jefferson's view expressed in a letter to Colonel Humphreys, January 20, 1809.

January 9, 1816, Jefferson wrote to Benjamin Austin: "You tell me I am quoted by those who wish to continue our dependence on England for manufactures." But he adds: "Experience has taught me that manufactures are now as necessary to our independence, as to our comfort. . . . We must now place the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturist."

Jefferson even believed in a retaliatory policy, for he said in his report on commerce and navigation, made in 1793: "But should any nation contrary to our wishes suppose it may better find its advantage by continuing its system of prohibitions, duties, and regulations, it behooves us to protect our citizens, their commerce and navigation, by counter prohibitions, duties, and regulations also."

Are these the utterances of a free-trade democrat? Can the reader, even with a microscope, see in them any excuse why democratic clubs and democratic leaders should travel on an excursion to Monticello?

Can reason explain why democrats, who champion free-trade and flout protection from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same—should meet in banquets on the thirteenth of April, year after year, to honor Jefferson as the "father" of their party? In fact, on such occasions, there are exhibited the shamelessness of historical embezzlement, the brazenness of political hypocrisy, a play mask that really

conceals no feature and imposes upon no observer. Imagine Thomas Jefferson sitting at one of these banquets and listening with assent to the condemnation of protection,—which he advocated,—and the advocacy of free trade,—in which he profoundly disbelieved. Such an incongruity would find a parallel in a tory toast to Washington.

For two generations the question of slavery was perhaps the chief touchstone of teaching and practice in American politics. The angle at which statesmen and parties viewed the iniquity helped determine the tone of national character.

Toward the last, the standpoint of examination and sympathy assumed a tragic importance, involving the existence of the republic. Superfluous indeed would it be to trace the relationship of the democracy to the creed of property in man. Slavery found in that party its faithful champion. When the slave power wanted Texas, the democratic party hastened to place the new territory at its feet. When it called for a war with Mexico, that more territory might be gained for slavery, hostilities were quickly begun. When it intimated that the restrictive line of the Missouri Compromise was an impertinence, the democracy set to work to erase the famous 36° 30'. If it thought the entire north could be made to suspend legitimate business and help hunt fugitive slaves, jugglery in swiftness never surpassed the activity of the compliant democracy in its creation of the necessary legal enactments. If it felt the need of a judicial decision to strengthen its clutch on black property and the country's subserviency, democracy, with the alacrity of a page, hurried with the Dred-Scott decision of Taney to the feet of the southern oligarchy. If it gave the nod, the walls of nationality divided, and the high priest of democracy, James Buchanan, accommodatingly declared that there was no national authority to prevent the departure of the states.

The slave-holding south in Jefferson's day had much the character of a body of patriarchal householders, in which the master was merely the chief personage. The human property enjoyed many social privileges that helped dull the conscious-

ness of chatteldom. Could one doubt this fact after having read the account of the affectionate greeting that Jefferson received from his slaves at Monticello, on his return from France?

The Legrees belonged to a later day of the south. The pictures that Mrs. Stowe gives in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" rather fitted the era when Virginia greed was breeding negroes for the Gulf States' market, and the first-class field hands brought one thousand dollars apiece. Jefferson was no advocate of slavery, and his record on this question, the circumstances considered, did him conspicuous honor. No apologist for the infernal system could quote in its favor the author of the Declaration of Independence. On the contrary, his utterances on the subject furnished for decades a convenient arsenal for the abolitionists. One almost fancies he is reading a stirring philippic in one of Wendell Phillips's anti-slavery lectures, or a climax of denunciation in William Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator*, as he follows to its close Jefferson's famous outburst ending: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just." Imagine, if you can, the oracles of the democratic party—the Calhouns, Douglasses, Stephensens, Masons, Yanceys, and Palmers—flaring aloft such a torch in illumination of the question of chatteldom—of the right of a Caucasian to own the body and soul of an African.

When this subject is considered, it is easy to see how wide was the gulf between Jefferson, the republican, and that "democracy," which took slavery into its especial keeping. Jefferson predicted emancipation, and wrote in favor of colonizing the liberated race. "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate," he declared, "than that these people are to be free." One of his efforts, upon entering the Virginia house of burgesses, was to secure a modification of a statute, so that a slaveholder could free his slaves without having to send them out of the state. He planned, without success however, in the work of revising Virginia's laws, to ensure gradual emancipation. His was a measure proposed in 1778 to stop the importation of slaves into the commonwealth.

When Virginia ceded the great northwest to the general government, he had inserted in the famous Ordinance a prohibition of slavery in the territory after the year 1800. In fact, in numerous legislative efforts, as well as in his writings, Thomas Jefferson stood on the same plane with Lincoln and Wilson, Chase and Sumner, Hale and Seward — the founders and leaders of the second "republican" party of the country. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was the consummation of Jefferson's hope as well as expectation. "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." These immortal words came from the pen of Jefferson. Their spirit was the inspiration of the second republican party, when it rose in opposition to slavery. In this contest, can any one question which party, so far as slavery was concerned, would have had Jefferson's sympathy had he been alive? In this respect, at least, he would have been a republican in 1861 as he was a republican in 1801.

American history has run in many picturesque channels toward the great sea of the present, but the most interesting one of all is that of nationality. Two centuries ago a few settlements on this Atlantic coast were conspicuous for isolation and helplessness. They knew but little of one another, and cared less. A century later, thirteen colonies had come to value the advantages of coöperation; and so they together fought out the Revolution and won independence. But in spirit they were still separate communities. The adoption of the Constitution and the inauguration of the federal government were not accomplished without a fierce struggle that virtually imperiled the fruit gained by victory over British control. Many a zealous leader of the patriots of '76 looked upon the Instrument of 1787 as a monstrosity, and the national experiment as a menace to nearly everything for which the colonies had fought. The most ardent friends of the new government must have been amazed to see how tenaciously local spirit and local views dominated individuals

and obstructed the highway of national ideas. Several times in the first forty years of the nation, threats of disunion blanched the cheeks of patriotism and tasked the resources of statesmanship.

Where in the line of march from the isolation of communities to the unity of nationality was Jefferson? He was absent in France when the Constitution was framed, but what he thought of it he most freely expressed. At first, he shared all of Patrick Henry's fears, so elaborately set forth in his memorable speech in the Virginia ratification convention. Jefferson would not accept the new system without the most radical amendments. In fact, he rang the fire-alarm bell whenever he could find an ear to listen to his warning. Subsequent amendments and observation of the Constitution in practice reconciled him to its main features. But there is no evidence that he ever came to regard the Constitution with entire favor. Curiously enough, the chief blunder of the federal party furnished Jefferson his great opportunity for revealing how far he had traveled on the road of nationality. The administration of John Adams made the serious mistake of passing the Alien and Sedition laws. They were products of legislation born of great provocation, but time has not set the seal of approval upon those drastic measures. Inspired by the wrath of the hour, Jefferson drafted the famous Kentucky resolutions, which now occupy an almost infamous place in American history. These the legislature of the state of Kentucky passed, an error far more lamentable than the one at which they were aimed. For they proved to be the fountain head of the state sovereignty ideas, that continued to disturb our peace until the surrender at Appomattox. The first of these resolutions reads:

"That the several states composing the United States of America, are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their general government, but that by compact under the style and title of a constitution for the United States, and of amendments thereto, they constituted a general government for special purposes, delegated to that government certain definite powers, reserving, each state to itself, the residuary

mass of right to their own self-government; and that, whenever the general government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are unauthoritative, void, and of no force; that to this compact each state acceded as a state, and is an integral party; that this government, created by this compact, was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself; since that would have made its discretion, and not the constitution, the measure of its powers; but, that as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress."

Time has proved that Jefferson in this resolution launched a doctrine second in importance only to the central idea of independence. Both came from the same pen; and, consequences considered, no other public utterance in American history can be said to rank with them. The amazing fact is that there came from the same brain so much wisdom in the one case, and such consummate folly in the other.

Logically enough one finds in Jefferson Davis's "History of the Confederacy," this tribute to the author of the disintegrating doctrine, on which the south acted:

"The great truth announced in her [Kentucky's] series of resolutions was the sign under which the democracy conquered in 1800, and which constituted the corner stone of the political edifice of which Jefferson was the architect, and which stood unbroken for sixty years from the time its foundation was made."

Such a compliment from such a source might well give a "Jeffersonian democrat" pause. With unerring instinct did Washington divine the trend of Jefferson's teachings. To Lafayette the "Father of his country" wrote: "The Constitution, according to their [the Anti-federalists'] interpretation of it, would be a mere cipher." Again he said: "We are today a nation, tomorrow thirteen," a shot that Webster might have envied after his reply to Hayne.

To the credit of the nation, be it said, only one other state followed in the path of disunion blazed by Jefferson through the Kentucky forests, and that was Virginia. For its legisla-

ture, to endorse Madison, who was then little more than an echo of Jefferson, drew resolutions differing only in language from their model, and there for the time the heresy halted. Delaware denounced the new dogma as "dangerous." New York looked upon it as "no less repugnant to the Constitution of the United States and the principles of this union than destructive to the federal government and unjust to those whom the people have elected to administer it." Connecticut viewed "with deep regret" and explicitly disavowed, "the principles contained in the aforesaid [Virginia] resolutions." Massachusetts concluded that in practise the theory of the Virginia school of politics would reduce the Constitution "to a mere cipher," "to the form and pageantry of authority, without the energy of power." Outside of Kentucky and Virginia the predominant sense of the people was hostile to the states' rights proclamation; and they did not purpose to permit the country to drift back to the shallows and quicksands of the Confederation. To them the Union involved obligation, not mere expediency.

A striking commentary on the Kentucky resolutions as they appeared, was afterwards found among Jefferson's papers. It was another draft of the paragraph already quoted, and ran:

"Resolved, that when the general government assumes powers which have not been delegated, a nullification of the act is the rightful remedy; that every State has the natural right in cases not within the compact to *nullify*, of their own authority, all assumptions of power by others within their limit."

Jefferson, not Calhoun, was the father of nullification, and the grandfather of secession.

On this side of his politics, Jefferson unmistakably belonged to the democratic party. He never developed into the full stature of nationality in his ideas; neither has the democracy in its theories and sympathies. Hence it has always insisted on individual rights, and state rights, and opposed national centralization; President James Buchanan took the position

that the general government had no authority to coerce a State, if it decided to withdraw from the Union; and the party of Seymour, Tilden, and Hendricks all through the war criticized, opposed, and obstructed the measures taken by a republican administration for the preservation of the Union. During these four awful years, the hearts of the southerners beat high with hope, or sunk in discouragement, as the democracy of the north was victorious, or suffered defeat at the polls.

It remains in conclusion to say that in only one important aspect was Jefferson a democrat, and as to his views in that connection, his most worshipful admirers do well to draw the veil of forgetfulness. To recall what he did in behalf of the doctrine that has caused the republic so much woe, is the reverse of kind. So the citizen looks in vain in the panegyrics of Senator Daniel, and the late William E. Russell at Monticello, for a single recognition of Jefferson's services to nullification and secession. But in the other and truly honorable departments of his political principles and public efforts, in relation to protection and anti-slavery, he was the herald of the republicans of today. His principles in these two respects are theirs; and on the basis of substantial claims, he was far more the father of the second republican party than of the democracy. Even in his chief act as president—the Louisiana purchase—an act to which the country owed incalculable good, and for which he will ever be most gratefully remembered—he patriotically veered from his theory of strict constitutional adherence, and set the example followed by Lincoln's administration, to employ, if necessary, the inferential powers of the government for the obvious benefit of the people. Compared with Jefferson's ultra-constitutional stroke, how paltry seem his declarations touching minimized central control and maximum local autonomy! Republicans have really more reason than the democrats, for political pilgrimages to Monticello and Jeffersonian birthday banquets.

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THE ITALIAN REVOLT.

A PLEA for the political prisoners in Italy is really a plea for republican government. For even those condemned to the longest terms of imprisonment were guilty of nothing except the belief, which we all hold in America, that a republican form of government is better than the monarchical form—which is not considered a crime, even by enlightened monarchical nations. These prisoners could not have been guilty of criticizing the monarchy, for that is impossible. It could not be done in the press because of the press censorship. All newspapers must pass under the eyes of the censor before they are given to the public. If there is anything that he does not like, he cuts it out. It could not be done in public meetings, for they are presided over by an officer of the king, who, at the first word against the institution, stops the speaker. Three blasts of the trumpet are given as a signal for the audience to disperse. If all do not leave immediately, the soldiers are ordered to drive them out at the point of the bayonet.

This is the usual outcome of all republican meetings. The government, to expedite matters, often has an agent, acting as an anarchist, who says something objectionable, thus giving an excuse for breaking up the meeting. An opinion of serious opposition could only be expressed in private, and might be reported by a spy; for spies are everywhere, in all public places. Or, in the case of suspected people, an accusation might be made by the officer who makes the arrest.

Up to last May, it was possible to criticize the policy of the government, though not so freely, of course, as we do in America. The outbreak of last May was to suppress even this opposition; for it is easy to understand how the government, by exciting a revolt, could declare a state of siege, and with martial law imprison or banish all those who criticized the government of Italy. That the outbreak was not a pre-

meditated one, is proved by the fact that the people were unarmed, without leaders, and without a plan of action. The victims, too, were all on the side of the people, not in the ranks of the soldiers. The troops were turned against the unarmed citizens to terrorize them. Peaceable people going about their own affairs through the streets were ordered to disperse; groups of more than three were fired upon; cannon swept the streets, and before the Milanese realized what was happening, more people were killed than were killed on the American side during the whole of the war with Spain. As many of the victims were women and children, it might perhaps better have been called a massacre.

The government had not intended it to be so serious. The intention had been merely to find a pretext to declare a state of siege, and by court-martial to imprison all who dared to oppose the misgovernment of the country. This same procedure was adopted by the government in other parts of Italy, until nearly the whole of the peninsula was in a state of siege. The prisons are overflowing with men condemned to from one to fifteen years of solitary confinement, and these men are the best and bravest of the land.

There was an opposition in Italy made up of enlightened men of all classes, rich and poor, nobles and commoners, business men, professional men, students, journalists, men of character, speaking for the people in the name of justice. As I was intimately associated with the leaders of this party for reform, I can testify that they are honorable men, who speak the truth openly. They were not plotting; they were informing the country of the true condition. Their work was not destructive—it was constructive. They were not preparing an insurrection; they were preparing for the revolution which is sure to follow the misgovernment of the monarchy. There was but one man who was a revolutionist as our forefathers were revolutionists—ready to take up arms for the people. The others believed in a peaceable change, an orderly revolution brought about legally by parliamentary means. Events have shown that they were

optimistic, but they were brave men standing for the truth at the risk of their liberty and their lives.

A practical man may ask, Why does anybody express an opinion when it is so dangerous to do so? Why do a few stand for the masses against such odds? There was a very strong reason why men of conscience should speak for the people. First of all, the people of Italy are starving. Each year a hundred thousand go mad of hunger. This may be verified in the reports of the government statistician, Signor Bodio, of the Roman bureau of statistics. This is a symptom of the disease, and it is general, for thousands and thousands are in a half-demented state from lack of nourishment. Their numbers are increasing so rapidly that the work of gathering statistics has been abandoned.

We say hunger-mad! It means nothing to us here where hunger-madness is unknown, but to live in Italy among the poor makes it have a meaning. Think of those who do not die, but barely exist, the breath of life just fluttering in and out, the light of reason wavering. They are too weak to work, so they wander about like lost souls. Once you had seen that, you could never forget it. You would not wonder that men of heart risk their lives protesting against a government which could lay one unnecessary burden on such afflicted creatures.

The misery of the world is a great problem, one which advanced nations will soon be called upon to solve. For those interested in the comparative poverty of nations, it may be said that while in India the poor live entirely on rice, in Italy they live on cornmeal, which is much less nourishing. If they could have enough of it to quiet hunger even once a day, or if they were not obliged to eat spoiled and mouldy meal, they would, perhaps, not go mad, but it is difficult for the poor in Italy to get both quantity and quality. In Ireland the poorest have potatoes and salt, while in Italy the poor cannot afford to put enough salt in their food to make it digestible. The government has a salt monopoly which makes the cost of salt forty times what it should be. The

Italian government, always in need of money, finds its largest revenue in this tax, for both rich and poor must use salt. The price of salt has been increased until it is almost beyond the reach of the poor. Lack of salt is, therefore, reckoned as one of the chief causes of the hunger-madness. Bread is a luxury in Italy. Polenta, cornmeal porridge, is used in northern Italy, and in southern Italy there are many substitutes for bread, among others a mixture of clay and acorns in Sardinia. This bread is plentiful except in years when acorns are scarce; then, as the pigs must be fed, and will not eat clay, they are given the acorns, and the people suffer. It is no exaggeration to say that Italy is at the point of starvation. That it is in a more critical condition than even the poorest of the other nations, is shown by the fact that though other nations have famines of short duration, no other nation is afflicted with the scourge of hunger-madness.

Is anything being done to better this condition? Nothing. Quite the contrary. Italy is very much occupied with being a great power. In the triple alliance she seems to be triply blessed with those who insist upon having the divine right to rule. So she must have a great army and navy. Then there is Africa to civilize, and this is a great drain upon the country, for millions go in that way which are never accounted for. The standing army is eating the bread which rightfully belongs to the starving. Worse than all, there is the standing army of the bureaucracy, those idly filling fat positions, draining the life-blood of the country, supported by the monarchy, and supporting it; they desire no change, so they seek to paralyze every effort toward reform.

Is the king doing anything to relieve the suffering of his people? Humbert has the reputation of being very good and generous to his subjects. This fame was built up at the time of his visit to Naples during the cholera. It was necessary to make that demonstration to his subjects, and he did it. He was protected in such a way that there was little danger to himself, when compared to those who nursed the sick and buried the dead. He was entitled to little of the

unbounded praise and adulation which he received ; yet nobody begrudged it. But whenever it has been a question of his own prestige, he has shown himself indifferent to the sufferings of the people. Although the Italian monarchy is called constitutional, it could not well be more absolute. Parliament is dismissed, convened, or dissolved arbitrarily ; exceptional laws are passed ; the will of the people is disregarded ; but the Italians in general take it as a matter of course. They do not look to the king. The principal means of taxation is the cost on food ; every mouthful is taxed. The national debt with its high rate of interest is one of the heaviest burdens borne by any European nation, yet according to statistics, Italy is one of the poorest of the states. She spends the least for the people in the way of education and public benefices, while she spends the most for strictly needless expenses. Is it strange that there should be republicans in Italy advocating a more economical government ?

L'Italia del Popolo, the republican newspaper, was the standard around which the republicans rallied. When the paper was started there was not a single declared republican in parliament at Rome. The *Italia del Popolo* required all candidates that it supported to declare themselves republicans. At the end of five years there were twenty-six declared republicans in parliament. This progress alarmed the government. The pope was accused of being the center of a conspiracy to overthrow the monarchy. In the late court-martial trials, the accusation of being connected with *Italia del Popolo* was evidence of treason. In the trial of Signor Filippo Turatti there was presented as evidence against him a letter written to him by someone asking him to come to the office of the paper. He was sentenced to twelve years solitary confinement, and is already going mad. De Andreis, a republican member of parliament, wrote for the paper, and he is also sentenced to twelve years, imprisonment. There was no evidence of any kind proving anything against either of them, and they could not have been convicted by a court of justice.

For seven years my house was connected with the direction of this paper, my husband being the proprietor and chief editor. If there had been a plot I should have known of it. We knew that we were accused of conspiracy, and that we were surrounded by spies and informers, but there was nothing to conceal.

When the bread-riots came last May, mothers took their starving babes in their arms and went to the town hall, crying for bread. They were met by soldiers and shot down. Many men throughout the country protested against this violation of civilized laws of order. One of the first measures in Milan was to seize the newspapers and arrest the editors. After that, as all papers were favorable to the government, and on account of the censorship of the telegraph, correct accounts could not be had.

The government only intended to kill half a dozen and intimidate the rest. But the Milanese made serious resistance. Though they were unarmed, they stood their ground for four days. It was of course a hopeless struggle; they had only cobble-stones in the streets with which to defend themselves. When they were driven to the house-tops, they threw down the tiles, as they did in their struggle for freedom against the Austrians.

During the dreadful days last spring when no news could be had from Italy, every suspected person was arrested until the prisons were full, and old monasteries and castles were turned into prisons. The mediæval castle of Milan had even its unrestored cells full of prisoners. These cells were damp and mouldy and had no outlet except by the door. A thousand men and women were put into one of these dungeons together, and kept there without food for four days. There was not room to lie down, so they took turns by sleeping two hours each. The odors became so foul that the guards in the corridors outside were changed every two hours, because they sickened with the stench. The prisoners remained in the castle until they were tried by court-martial. A court-martial trial in Italy is a mere farce. The accused have no witnesses,

for people are afraid to testify for them. They are condemned on the evidence of spies, or of the carabinieri who arrest them. The prisoners from the castle were tried in lots. One group of sixty had a trial lasting only about an hour and a half. Eight of them were condemned to fifteen years, six of them to ten years and so on down.

Any citizen may receive word that he must go to some town or place at a distance and stay there a few years. Those condemned to this *domicilio coatto* are now sent to the convict colony of Assob in Africa, where the rules are of a desperately rigid sort, scarcely suited to the lowest criminals, but are enforced for men of enlightened political opinions. The death penalty is prohibited in Italy, but the penalty of slow torture is substituted.

When I say that the bravest and best of the Italian land are prisoners now, I say what is literally true. They are people of all classes. In one group sent to the prison of Finalborgo were these friends: Gustavo Chiesi, editor of the *Italia del Popolo*; Carlo Romussi, editor of the *Secolo*; Paolo Valera, a member of the Fabian Society of London; Bartolo Federici, a wealthy nobleman. The condemned men were conducted in chains from the castle at midnight to the station. Their friends were not allowed to salute them. They were so heavily chained hand and foot, that they had to be hoisted, a dead weight, up to the platform of the prison car in which they were sent. Being condemned to solitary confinement, the prisoners did not see each other for several days after a journey of ten hours of terrible hardship. The solitude depressed them so seriously that they were taken out and permitted to meet in the company of other prisoners, convicts of all sorts, and probably spies also. In the relief of this meeting, one writes to his mother, "From the window of this room, we have a beautiful panorama of the mountains."

Poor friends! Must they drag out years in that horrible prison of Finalborgo? Yet I do not speak for my friends especially. Their fate is no worse than that of thousands of others. There are those who will be forgotten in prison, the

poor, ignorant, helpless — who will speak for them? They must suffer doubly, knowing the chain of misfortunes following — families left without support, the anxiety of wives, children disgraced, for who is there to tell them that it is no disgrace to suffer in such a cause?

Is it not the duty of every free man to stand by his brother men in such a struggle? It is a struggle for human dignity and for the progress of humanity which benefits the world. What those men need, is the moral support of men of the advanced nations. In England they have found that support among the most intelligent and most reliable people of the country. The Rev. Stopford Brooke, George Meredith, P. W. Clayton, of the Daily News, Mrs. Bertrand, Sir Edward Russell, Mrs. William Morris, Mrs. Alice Meynell, Arthur Jones, George Bernard Shaw, are names which are a guaranty of the character of the appeal. A committee has been formed in America, consisting of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, William Lloyd Garrison, Edwin D. Mead, Henry D. Lloyd, Leo R. Lewis, Katherine Coman; D. C. Heath, secretary.

Women should sympathize with the imprisoned women, for there are good women, too, in prison in Italy. One woman whom I know has been a messenger of goodness and mercy in Italy. She will probably not survive her imprisonment. She is in the last stages of consumption, but she writes heroically to a friend: "I do not think I shall die in prison, but if my health grows worse I beg that no petition be made for my pardon in consideration of my ill-health. I would not have such a petition made on special or personal grounds through the affection of any one, even of my daughter. Prevent my receiving such a moral offence. This is my only request before the tomb closes over me." Such a woman is one of the world's treasures, and the starving revolutionary mothers are our sisters.

The question is not whether the Italians are justified in making a revolution, it is whether people of advanced nations should not protest against the killing and imprisoning by the Italian government of thousands of innocent people.

Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, in a letter to the editor of the Boston Transcript says:

"The answer which the average American citizen is likely to make to a plea for sympathy and other help to the political prisoners of Italy will be controlled largely, first, by his information as to whether the present government of Italy is a good government; and, second, whether the people of Italy are fit for any better one.

"When I was in Italy, a few years ago, I found the common people in Venice cooking their polenta in the sewage-saturated waters of the canals because, although it was filthy, it was salt, and they could not afford to buy salt. A government which imposes a tax of four thousand per cent. *ad valorem*, can not be a good government. One needs to know no fact but that.

"A government cannot be a good government whose people by tens of thousands are compelled to scatter to all quarters of the globe for employment, while hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile land, under the most encouraging sky on earth, remain idle at home. That it is the laws, the government, and not the people that are at fault, is plain from this fact, that they are willing to leave their home and go thousands of miles for the work they cannot find in Italy. But there are those among us who attack these people because 'they take away work from Americans,' and at the same time accuse them of an unwillingness to work.

"If the American who is debating whether or not he shall let his sympathies answer to the call of his outraged Italian brethren, feels that he cannot give the problem the study and investigation it deserves, he will make no mistake in accepting the results of the investigation of such a man as Mazzini. Mazzini knew Italy, and he knew the House of Savoy. He gave his whole life to studying the problem of Italian freedom. He was one of the greatest minds of modern times. His eye was single; his heart pure and truthful. Mazzini knew all the facts. The history of the present dynasty of Italy is largely written on the pages of his works. Mazzini did not believe in any kingship in the abstract, and he believed still less in the House of Savoy in the concrete. He did believe in the people of Italy. He planted and watered the tree of Italian unity, and God gave the increase; but the House of Savoy has stolen the fruit.

Mazzini believed in Italy for the Italians. Charles Albert, Victor Emmanuel, and Humbert believed in Italy for the House of Savoy.

"Mazzini, who knew the Italian people so well, called upon them to establish the republic, and as long ago as 1849 founded this republic at Rome. The Italian republic did not die because the Italians were not fit for their freedom. It died under the assassinating bayonets of Louis Napoleon and his French republic. Any one who has studied the history of Italy knows that the perfidy of princes has never crawled so tortuous and bloody a path as that by which the House of Savoy made itself the ruler of Italy.

"People say the Italians are not fit for a republic. The true American doctrine is, that no people are fit for any government but a republic. No better answer to the charge, that the Italian people are unfit for a republic, could be made than that given by Mrs. F. D. Papa, when she says that they never can be fit until they have one. Mazzini has said a word on this question of fitness for republican freedom: 'It is not true,' he says, 'that a republic cannot be founded without the existence in the people of all the severest republican virtues. This is an ancient error which has contributed to falsify the theory of government in nearly all minds. Political institutions ought to represent the educating elements of the state, and republics are founded precisely in order that these republican virtues, which monarchy cannot produce, may germinate in the hearts of the citizens.'"

Yet, despite the terrible state of affairs in Italy, and the obvious need of the moral support of all Americans, there are not wanting those who make light of the whole matter, and assign a wrong cause to the recent revolt. In a letter to the Boston Transcript, Mr. W. J. Stillman maintains:

"The insurrection of last year was a republican movement directed from Paris for the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a federal republic, in the interest of the papacy and the French republic. That bread and poverty had nothing to do with it is shown by the fact that those parts of the peninsula where the want and bread-discontent are greatest did not participate in the rising, which was limited to the provinces where wages are highest and the workmen most independent. The sections in which destitution is

greatest, i. e., the sulphur-mining districts of Sicily and the rice-fields about Ravenna, were perfectly quiet while the fighting was going on in Milan.

"The rising was no more justified than our secession movement. Italy is a country of the most widely prevalent democratic sentiment; but the republicans are an insignificant minority, even with their alliances in the elections with socialists, anarchists, etc. The suffrage is extended even too widely for the degree of intelligence, and, if the majority of the nation wanted a republic enough to agitate for it, they could have it. There were probably twenty thousand insurgents in Milan, and the fighting lasted four days, involving the lives of more than one thousand people, many of them innocent passers-by, or those looking on from their windows. If any men ever merited being shot or imprisoned, these insurgents did; for they rebelled against a constitutional government in which the majority could effect any reform requisite. About two thousand were arrested, of whom many were released at once; and the military tribunals by which they were tried are the fairest tribunals in Italy, for there is no antagonism between the people and the army, and the officers are, as a class, the most humane and kind-hearted men I ever met with. If I were to be tried tomorrow in Italy, I would ask for a military tribunal. It is absolutely untrue that people were punished for their opinions. Unless they took some part in planning or carrying out the insurrection, they were not held. I was in Italy all the time of the troubles, and in constant receipt of information, having been correspondent of the London Times in Rome for twelve years.

"Mrs. Papa's statistics as to the 'mad from hunger in Italy,' are ridiculous and fictitious, and her statements in general so wild as to be unworthy discussion. They are the stock in trade of the Italian anarchist and socialist agitator, and prepared for an ignorant audience. There is less starvation in any of the great cities of Italy than in corresponding cities of England. But the bread tax, which is the only one which presses on the lowest classes, is not a tax of the Italian government, but of the communal and municipal councils, which are elected by the people at large. Except in the large cities the general government has no control over these taxes, which go to pay the expenses of the communal and municipal governments."

In a more recent communication to the Transcript, Mr. Stillman endeavors to show that Italy is really better off than the United States. He says :

"There is more nonsense talked about the bad government in Italy in the papers of the United States and England than on all other subjects combined. Americans take a run through Italy and hear the grumbling of discontented Italian anarchists, and come away thinking they have learned all about Italy. The fact is that there is no tax whatever on salt in Italy. As in France and several other countries of Europe, salt and tobacco are government monopolies in Italy, and salt is sold at forty centimes the kilogramme, or about four cents a pound. There was no complaint of the price of salt when the price was raised three centimes the kilogramme in 1893, because it did not affect the poor, who had always paid for fractions of a kilogramme at the rate of forty centimes, and the only persons who found a difference were the great stock breeders, who used it in quantities. No Italian goes without his tobacco, and nineteen-twentieths are devoted to the lottery, and the expense of the tobacco is many times as great as that of salt, and what the poorest put into lottery tickets in a week would pay for all the salt they use in a month. . . .

"The present form of government in Italy is sufficiently corrupt, but after living under it for twenty years I can honestly say that there is less corruption, less dishonesty, and less demagoguery in Italy than in the United States west of the Hudson River. And as to taxation, Italy is better off beyond any comparison. The Italian who comes to this country comes, not to stay, but to accumulate a little fortune which shall allow him to live without work at home, and he has no opportunity at home because the competition for the work to be done is too severe. We are told of the vacant lands in Italy waiting for home colonization. I have visited these lands and know them. With slight exception, they are utterly unfit for culture, hardly fit for grazing ; and when good land is abandoned, it is because the malaria decimates the cultivators. The healthy and fertile parts of the peninsula are more densely inhabited than Belgium or France, and the northern provinces are increasing in wealth faster than either of those countries."

Nothing could be more emphatic and dogmatic than these statements by Mr. Stillman. Let us now examine them in detail, in order to discover the true state of affairs.

Mr. Stillman states that the insurrection was organized at and directed from Paris. But the outbreak of May, 1898, was not an insurrection. First, the papacy is waiting patiently until the monarchy falls through its own misgovernment, and hopes that the old opponents of the church, the Garibaldian republicans, will be crushed before the downfall. The great majority of the republicans and clericals are bitter enemies, and an understanding between the two parties is impossible. Second, is it possible that a republican movement organized at and directed from Paris should have neglected providing its insurgents with arms? The "Speaker," of London says: "Even the more authoritative conservative papers, such as the *Tribuna* of Rome, have admitted that the disorder, notwithstanding its extent and persistency, was neither prepared nor organized. No trace was to be found of a pre-established plan, nor does it appear that the crowd was anywhere directed by ringleaders."

Mr. Stillman is right in saying: "Those parts of the peninsula where want and bread-discontent are greatest did not participate in the rising." But the people there were too weak to resist. Only a few women found courage to go to the town halls with their starving babes in their arms crying for bread. They were shot down and that was all of it. The men "in the provinces where wages are highest and the workmen most independent" protested against such a violation of civilized law, and it was to silence these protests that the government turned the troops against the people. True, the miners in the sulphur districts and the workers in the rice fields were quiet while the unarmed citizens of Milan contended against an armed foe. They had nothing to defend themselves with but the cobblestones in the streets. Arms were not found on one of those killed, nor on any taken prisoners. No discarded arms were found on the field when the struggle was over. All the victims were "innocent passers by," for as the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"Footing the bill of the alleged 'street revolution,' we find one soldier killed and a few others wounded. The govern-

ment in Milan alone has made some hundreds of arrests — journalists, deputies, priests, children, and street roughs, with fine impartiality. Then, spurred by a justified distrust in popular juries and even in its own appointed judges, the government has given the administrators of justice a summer holiday and has filled the bench with military tribunes. To make this amazing violation of the rights of the citizen possible, the government has declared a state of siege. But a state of siege cannot legally be declared without consent of parliament, which, as everyone knows, would never have been granted. Therefore the opening of parliament was delayed beyond the limit prescribed by law. When parliament did meet, its mind was so plain that the government shrank from hearing that mind declared, and resigned without taking a vote. The king has avoided the course customary in such a situation. No member of the chamber of deputies has been asked to advise on the crisis; only senators and generals have been called, the result desired being apparently a non-parliamentary solution of the difficulty. The whole is a succession of unlawful acts, each for its support needing the sequence of an act more unlawful than itself."

Does Mr. Stillman call that constitutional government?

Mr. Stillman might, as he says, "ask to be tried by a military tribunal," but surely no other American citizen would ask for such a trial. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "One looks in vain for the single personal fact which should prove that any one of the accused had strayed beyond the pale of the law." Speaking of one of the prisoners, a well-known writer, the indictment, after reproaching him with the vivid picturesqueness of his style, concludes with the indignant appeal, "Is it possible that a person of this man's opinions should not have taken a most important part in the recent disorders?" And the public prosecutor, winding up his speech, breathless for want of the oxygen of fact, says: "If there is no precise evidence against these prisoners it is only because they are too clever to allow it to appear." The writer referred to is Gustavo Chiesi, whom I have already mentioned, and he was condemned to six years of solitary confinement. Perhaps Mr. Stillman does not call that imprisoning a man for his opinions.

I am not an anarchist nor a socialist. I am a republican as my New England forefathers were republicans. I first quoted the statistics concerning the *pellagra* (hunger-madness), before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston. Mr. Stillman says that he wishes to "expose" these statements. He may help to push down the stone that is now entombing innocent men and women. Dare he deny that there is in Italy the scourge of the *pellagra* (the hunger-madness)? Probably he did not have time to go to the Bureau of Statistics in Rome to look up the number of those suffering from the *pellagra* in the 5721 districts afflicted with that madness, but any truthful Italian would have told him that there are one hundred thousand of the *pellagrosi* (the hunger-mad) in Italy.

It is painful to tell the poverty of Italy, and I am stating only what is necessary to show why men of conscience should plead for the Italian people, in the name of justice protesting against the misgovernment of the country. I leave the worst untold about the sulphur mines and the rice fields, which I hope that it will never be a duty to tell.

I should be sorry to be so impolite as to say of Mr. Stillman's statement that taxation in Italy is much less burdensome than in this country; that it is "ridiculous and fictitious," "wild" and "unworthy of discussion." However, Americans can, by comparing the cost of sugar, salt, flour, and other necessities of life there and here, see how heavy the government tax on food is. Taxes are applied so ingeniously that a man pays about forty-five per cent. of his income in taxes.

Mr. Stillman frankly confesses himself to be against republics, and I am informed that there are others who think as he does. But I do not fear such criticism. I am sure of having the support of the majority of my fellow Americans. And Mr. Stillman need not fear. I am not trying to provoke a revolution in Italy. I am speaking for a few thousand helpless and wronged people. Until Mr. Stillman can prove that the political prisoners are guilty, he cannot protest against my defence of them nor my plea for them. The Italian government has not been able to prove the guilt of the political

prisoners, but has simply condemned them to years of solitary confinement. Mr. Stillman is an American ; he knows that this is atrocious.

As for the statistics which Mr. Stillman disputes, I have already stated that they are taken from the government report. Mr. Griffin, consul at Limoges, France, who made the report before the American immigration committee which decided upon restricting our immigration, stated many startling facts about Italy drawn from this report. He had a letter to Sig. Bodio, from whom he obtained the information. If Mr. Griffin had remained in Italy long enough to verify the facts by personal observation, he might perhaps have made a report that would have excited compassion, and moved Americans to receive the suffering Italians, instead of alarming our government so greatly at the poverty of Italy that it closed our doors against the poor.

Americans think that Italian immigration is sufficient proof of Italy's condition, but the poorest Italian emigrants do not come here; they go to South America, because the South American governments offer facilities in the way of free passage; consequently North Americans see only the comparatively rich Italian emigrants.

The Italians are the most industrious, intelligent, and lovable people on earth, and see to what a plight the cruel Italian government has reduced them, driving them from home by thousands, so hungry that they will work for a pittance. The workmen of other countries have consequently felt compelled to wage war against them,—not only economical war, but civil strife. Sanguinary outbreaks have occurred in America, France, Switzerland, and many other countries. The blame should not be put upon the unfortunate Italian people, but on the Italian government. As the economical condition of Italy thus affects our labor market, it is a question that decidedly concerns us. Would it not be desirable to have a government in Italy somewhat comparable to our own, so that the Italians would be fair competitors? This seems to be an international question; we must finally interest ourselves in it whether we wish to do so or not.

The question of the papacy should also be made clear. American and English people have been favorable to the monarchy simply to oppose the papacy — anything rather than the Pope. It is difficult for the people outside of Italy to understand the true situation. In order that it may not appear that I am prejudiced in explaining it, I must state that my family have been Presbyterians for generations, and though I am not a member of the Presbyterian church, I am certainly not a Roman Catholic.

The Catholics are accused of plotting with the republicans to overthrow the monarchy. It must be remembered that Humbert and Margherita are strong Roman Catholics. The proposed removal of the court from Rome to Turin is out of consideration for the Pope. The government itself is Catholic. The only question is that of the temporal power, and most Italians, even those devoted to the church, do not wish the temporal power to be restored. It is to be doubted whether the Pope himself considers its restoration possible. His messages to the people speak of a republic in which the church shall be free, as in America.

We complain that the Catholic church keeps its people ignorant,—so does the Italian government. The fact is, that liberals send their children to Catholic schools, because they are considered better than government schools. The catechism is taught in the public schools, as it is in the clerical schools. Church processions go through the streets freely, though a republican procession or demonstration of any kind would not be permitted. In short, Italy is ruled by Catholics now, without the guidance and restraint of the more intelligent Catholics at the head of the church. The Italians are Catholics, and whether under a monarchy or a republic, this question remains to be dealt with separately; but the party in which there are the fewest followers of the church is the republican party.

The only serious opposition that the monarchy has made to the power of the church has been in confiscating its property. The way in which this was done is denounced even by

the liberals as being unjust and dishonest. The reaction against this and the failures of the monarchy in ruling Italy is driving people into the arms of the church. In the last twenty years the church has gained ground rapidly.

The old Garibaldian republics fought against the Pope, and though they temporarily gave way in the matter of uniting Italy under the House of Savoy, they have never given up the hope of finally having a government of the people. Up to this time it has been impossible for the old republicans and the clericals to agree or to become reconciled; if it had been, the republic would have been established long ago. The Pope has been so anxious that the House of Savoy should govern Italy in its own way without his aid, that he forbids his followers to vote in the general elections. Many disregard this injunction, but, if he should give his consent and all should vote, the result would be astonishing. The Pope knows perfectly what the result of the present government of Italy will be. It must end in disaster; then Italy will fall prostrate into the lap of the church. He does not hurry events. In the struggle of the people against the monarchy, many opponents of the church will be crushed by the government or converted by the church. It has always been the policy of the church to wait patiently its opportunity, and it must be confessed that those surrounding the Pope are far superior intellectually to those surrounding the king.

It is true that Don Davide Albertario, a priest and editor of the *Osservatore Cattolico* of Milan, has been sentenced to several years of solitary confinement as a common convict, but it was not for advocating the temporal power, nor for plotting with the republicans. He was imprisoned mainly to give the Masons and the Protestants of the world to understand that the church is plotting against the monarchy. The charge made against the papacy of plotting with republicans to overthrow the monarchy, is so weak that now the French republicans are accused of being the republicans of the lot. Alas, France has as much as she can attend to at present. Such a plot has never been discovered, and we must deal with facts.

The articles which have been written to rouse sympathy for the House of Savoy, accusing everybody of anarchy and plotting with the papacy, are not complimentary to the reader. Surely people are not so ignorant as to accept statements and opinions without a single fact to support them. It would be possible in England to form an alliance between the socialists and the church people who are called Christian socialists; but in Italy it would be impossible; though there are socialists corresponding to the Christian socialists. The classes are so distinct in Italy that the parties are not even acquainted. An alliance between clericals and anarchists is, of course, as impossible as it would be here.

Theoretic socialism has given a lease of life to European monarchies. As long as the socialists confined themselves to theories, the government was delighted to encourage them. Socialistic theories distracted the attention of the people. While dreaming of Utopia, they left the present conditions undisturbed. As soon as the socialist says that in order to bring about social reforms, a free form of government is necessary, the monarchy pounces upon him. There is not a single socialist in prison in Italy today who is not there for having declared himself a republican, or for being considered a republican at heart. The socialists who have been tried, have been condemned on the same charge. The word that the Italian monarchy dreads most is the word "republic."

None of my friends have been even accused by the government of being socialists or anarchists; they were tried by court-martial as republicans attempting to subvert the present order of things — the same accusation that was made against Mazzini thirty years ago. Mazzini is now not only commemorated in all the evangelical churches in Italy, but the king attends the dedication of monuments to Mazzini to make it appear that, after all, Mazzini was not as republican as he said he was. This is the method of the House of Savoy; it corrupts and perverts the most sacred sentiments and aspirations.

The Italian government is driving the Italian people to desperation and anarchy, but the dangerous anarchists are

not in Italy. They are men who have been driven out of Italy by poverty or persecution and have suffered even in other lands. Poor, friendless, and almost necessarily unfortunate, they come to the conclusion that all governments are bad, like that of Italy, and that nothing but extermination can rid the world of its oppressors. The anarchists of whose crimes we read are ignorant people, maddened and in distress; the numbers of such wretched Italians are increasing so rapidly that they are becoming a danger to the world. Taking advantage of this, the Italian government is trying to bring about an international understanding against anarchists. By this means even those falsely accused of anarchy may be pursued to the ends of the earth. The accusation of anarchy is the favorite one of the Italian government to make it appear that there are no republicans in Italy. The young men banished without trial to the lonely islands of the Mediterranean and to the convict colony of Assob are most of them victims to this dreadful charge, and are not allowed to defend themselves. It is iniquitous!

Finally, in the *Secolo* of Milan, Sept. 22, appears a leading editorial, by D. Napoleone Colajanni, one of the oldest members of the Italian parliament, on Mr. Edwin D. Mead's pamphlet entitled "Italy in 1851-1898." The *Secolo* has the largest circulation of any newspaper in Italy. Signor Colajanni reviews Mr. Mead's pamphlet at length, quoting strong paragraphs and denying nothing in it. After referring to the protest sent by the English journalists to the Italian government against the imprisonment of the Italian journalists, Signor Colajanni concludes by saying in regard to Mr. Mead's suggestion of American protest (describing the conditions existing in 1898 as being similar to those in 1851):

"They will say 'exaggeration' and 'calumny,' at such a comparison; the fact remains, however, to our mortification, that there should be the possibility of making such a comparison. To our shame it remains that public opinion in England and America is rising in the name of humanity against that which is happening in Italy as it rose up against the methods of government of Turkey in Bulgaria."

This is a great deal to say in an Italian newspaper subject to government seizure. It is a frank confession of the truth of the statements of Mr. Mead and myself, which Mr. Stillman has declared to be of "so wild and absurd a character that in the interest of common sense and historical truth" he thought it his duty to expose them.

Is it not time that the friends of liberty and justice in all lands should give hearty support to their oppressed and suffering brothers in Italy?

FIDELLA DINSMORE PAPA.

Boston.

HEREDITY.

WE speak a word, a volume grows
Beyond control;
We do a deed and warp or bless
An unborn soul.

We breathe a breath, it turns to storm
Or balmy air;
We shed a tear, a river flows
Muddy or fair.

The small things of today, tomorrow grow
Mighty and strong;
The thoughtless present brings a harvest in,
Of right or wrong.

The far-off future hangs upon our wills,
To mar or make;
The planting time is now, and now
For others' sake

Let only perfect seed be sown,
That perfect grain
Shall wait the Lord of harvests when
He comes again.

LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

UNDER THE ROSE.

THE NATIONAL DISGRACE IN LUZON

The current pictorial papers are filled with grewsome pictures of the results of our "glorious victory," in which fifteen hundred naked Filipinos, armed only with bows and arrows, were mowed down by Maxim guns fired by American soldiers. How can we, as a nation, be insensible to the shame and cowardice of this slaughter? If to attack an unarmed man with a gun is the act of a cowardly assassin, how can the wholesale killing of these brave Filipinos be otherwise characterized? What makes the matter all the worse is, that the soldiers of the Great Republic brought this vastly superior force to bear not against an invading or aggressive foe, but against men fighting on their own soil, and fighting for freedom. In these engagements with the United States forces, as in their operations against the Span- ish, previous to the capture of Manila, the Filipinos have proved themselves dauntless and devoted fighters. They have shown what we are fond of referring to as "the spirit of '76," and so are more truly Americans than those who would sully the American name by turning aside from the expansion of genuine Americanism to wage a war of conquest and sub- jugation. From knights-errant of justice, we have changed to brigands. Yet it is well, perhaps, that the real enemies of the republic should show their hands. Militant commercial- ism, brutalized by the power accorded to piled-up accumula- tions of material wealth, can hardly be expected to show any squeamishness about the slaughter of a few thousands of brown men in the Philippines, when it is not deterred by the sacrifice of tens of thousands of white men — aye, and white women and children — condemned to the slower and more painful death of starvation at home. While President McKin- ley's commissioners were proclaiming his readiness to accord the Filipinos certain "measures" of liberty based on their

complete and unquestioning "submission to the authority of the United States," an audience that packed Tremont Temple in Boston, and that represented all that is best in New England manhood, loudly applauded the name of Aguinaldo. As an "expansionist" in the true sense—a believer in the expansion of American liberty, equality, fair-play, and true democracy over every land from which the cry of the oppressed for succor is going up—I have not been much in sympathy with many of my Massachusetts friends who seem to think that charity should begin at home—and end there; but I join heartily in the protest of Massachusetts against the cruelly wicked and un-American methods resorted to in the attempt to *prevent* the expansion of the American spirit and the American system by the present military opposition to the struggle for freedom in the Philippines.

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TALKING OF CONVENTIONS

Eltweed Pomeroy, the indefatigable apostle of Direct Legislation, tells me that all the indications point to a remarkably interesting and important conference at Buffalo, July 3-5. About four hundred delegates, representing all phases of social reform, and various sections of the country, have already promised to be present, and these will include nearly all the leaders of national reputation. Mayor S. M. Jones's triumphal re-election in Toledo has given cheer and encouragement to the reform cause everywhere, and is welcomed as especially significant of a waking up of "the common people," whom Lincoln loved, to the commanding importance of municipal reform and advance. Herbert N. Casson, who lent an able hand in the good work, will tell what the victory means, in next month's Arena. In this connection, Mr. Coursen's suggestion in his article on the feasibility of the Bellamy economy is worth considering. A gathering of patriots in old Independence Hall, Philadelphia, to adopt the Bellamy system as a working program would present an inspiring spectacle. It may seem visionary to some people, but Mr. Coursen is evidently a

hard-headed, practical man. His logic is clear-cut and invincible. If such a revision of our social system is plainly necessary and plainly practicable, he asks, why not get together and adopt it? The question deserves an answer; sooner or later it must be faced.

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**WHAT
CHRISTIAN
SCIENCE
MEANS**

Readers of The Arena will not fail to keep in mind that, in admitting to the pages of this review articles considering matters of public interest from various viewpoints, the editor necessarily disavows responsibility for the statements of his contributors. I want further to emphasize the fact that no motive, save that of desiring to bring before the public facts of immense public interest hitherto hidden and suppressed, need be sought for the publication of the exposé of what appears to be the deception and charlatanism permeating this particular organization. As a practitioner of metaphysical healing, and an ardent advocate of the New Thought movement and its mission, I can only regret the necessity for revealing deceptions and delusions practiced by the leaders of a sect even distantly connected with the New Thought in the public mind. Reluctance on this account must give way, however, before the duty of proclaiming truth and exposing wrong. This matter, too, has a close connection with the large question of "The People *versus* the Money Power," in which The Arena's readers are vitally interested. The rise of the "Christian Scientists" into prominence exhibits a new and not the least dangerous development of the rampant materialism of the age. The same spirit and tendency that has enthroned the trust, and which is chiefly responsible for the debauchery of our politics at the polls, in legislatures, and in the administration of the department that fed sick soldiers on "embalmed beef," may be found in the upbuilding of the "Christian Science" scheme. Mammon-worship, spreading from the marketplace, has usurped the outer courts of the Temple and is at last organized into a sect masquerading under the name of

If it is "commercial Christianity" it will die a natural death, without anyone trying to "kill" it. If it is true Christianity it is bound to live, for nothing that is true can die.

Christ. To be sure, the new sect enjoys no monopoly of "Commercial Christianity." If it is singled out for notice, it is only because its rise emphasizes plainly the result of the influences now at work in nearly all the churches, and which aim to drive Christ out of the Temple to make way for the money-changers. It is the danger and the disgrace of this commercializing of Christianity that make the efforts of a few noble souls here and there to turn the tide, and Christianize commerce and life, so important to the future of our civilization. And this is *our* opportunity,—yours and mine, dear reader.

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THE HIGHER THOUGHT AND SOCIAL REFORM

An esteemed reader of The Arena expresses disappointment on finding in its pages what she terms expressions of sympathy with "Expansion" and "Free Silver." To have "the higher thought" associated with these views "seems a great mistake," and makes it impossible for this reader "to endorse the magazine." If the higher thought does not mean so firm a belief in truth and the right as to desire those holding various conceptions of truth and the right to have opportunity for fullest and fairest discussion, then the higher thought means nothing. If expansion or anti-expansion, free silver or gold monometalism, are questions of any importance to the welfare of the people of America, and so of the race, they have to do with the higher thought. Those who are "taking up" the higher thought to cuddle themselves into content with things as they are, to stifle the promptings of justice and reason, to stamp out sympathy with the suffering of the disinherited, to shut away the great human struggle for freedom and a higher life for all, cannot too soon wake up to their mistake. The higher thought comes to bring not peace, but a sword. If it be really higher thought, and not lower, then it demands fair play for all, without fear or favor. Such expressions of opinion as that above quoted indicate very clearly the crying need for such a vehicle of the higher thought, and the relation of the higher thought to

higher conduct, as The Arena aims to furnish. It seeks the endorsement and approval of people of every section of the country, without distinction of party, creed, or class. Its motto is, "Forward March!" What is important in an independent review is, that it shall really be an arena, open to all, unprejudiced, impartial, caring only for truth, regardless whither it may lead, or what form it may take.

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SOCIALISM IN SOUTH DAKOTA

The recent adoption of the referendum in South Dakota must draw attention afresh to the possibilities of a state in which public sentiment has been sufficiently educated to make possible this important step. Walter Price, who is a farmer at Milford, Sully County, South Dakota, writes to me, pointing out the advantages for colonists presented by his state—his attention having been drawn to the plan for a settlement in America of the persecuted Russian Quakers, or Doukhobors, in whom Count Tolstoy has so deeply interested himself. "The climate," says my correspondent, "is probably similar to that of the western frontier of Russia, from which these Russians come; and a great many Russians are already settled here, although all are not of so desirable a class as the sect mentioned. Land is cheap; a quarter section, for instance (one hundred and sixty acres), can be bought for from one hundred and sixty to three hundred dollars. The native grass is exceedingly nutritious, and live stock graze on it the year round. My horses are hardly ever in the stable; although the thermometer has registered from twenty to thirty degrees below zero during the last twelve days, they have remained on the open prairie, and even resist attempts to stable them. Cattle are willing to be stabled, and are more in demand as a source of profit. We also raise wheat and grain, although the yield is sometimes light on account of drought. The country is yet thinly settled, there being only about a dozen or twenty families in each township. We have good schools, however, and people are prospering, at least as well as people

of any other country under the competitive system. In fact, we find we are doing better than the average, as there are few of the very poor or the very rich here. Native fruits do well, and potatoes are usually a good yield and of excellent quality." My correspondent adds that he has no land for sale, nor is he a land agent, his only object being to encourage immigrants who are socialists at heart. "With an increasing number of voters who believe in socialism," he adds, "we may here soon realize our fondest hopes." He will be very glad to answer questions from intending settlers.

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**SOUND MONEY
IN AUSTRALIA** An institution which seems to correspond in some measure to the Labor Exchange as operated in Kansas and several other of our western states, seems to be making remarkable headway in Australia. The leader of the movement is Michael Flurschein, author of "Rent, Interest, and Wages," "Money Island," and other advanced economic works. He has succeeded in putting into actual practice his ideas about sound money. Having failed to convert English coöperative societies to the plan of issuing paper money redeemable in the great variety of goods they supply, Flurschein left England for New Zealand last December, and immediately on arrival in Maoriland, he set to work propagating his views on money through the local newspapers. In his new fortnightly paper, "The Commercial Exchange Gazette," he announces the formation of the New Zealand Commercial Exchange. Over five hundred of the leading tradesmen of Wellington and Christ church, N. Z., embracing nearly every variety of trade, have enrolled themselves in this association for the purpose of exchanging their goods by means of paper money redeemable in the various commodities they supply. The enormous advantages arising from such a sound, sensible, and scientific system of finance will quickly become apparent, and the present five hundred members will soon add largely to their numbers, and may finally embrace the whole commercial system of the island colony.

**THE BLACK-
LIST PROVES
EXPENSIVE.**

Since the appearance of Mr. Strong's article on "Black-listing: the New Slavery," in the March Arena, the black list has received a second blow in the decision recently handed down in the circuit court at Norwalk, O., affirming a verdict for five thousand dollars damages obtained by Frank Schaffen against the Nickel Plate Railroad Co. Upon the vital point in this case the court ruled plainly that when railroads agree not to hire men discharged for striking, and when a man who did not engage in the strike was discharged, it was the duty of his late employers to furnish him with evidence of the fact, and a refusal to do so is actionable, as it amounted to placing the employee in the proscribed class. This decision establishes what might be considered the negative side of the workers' rights. The case described in Mr. Strong's article not merely called the corporation to account for placing a non-striker on the black list, but for having a black list at all. It would seem that the plaintiff in the Ohio case was practically black-listed and made to suffer under the agreement to refuse employment to strikers although discharged for a cause other than striking. The railroads are finding the weapon a boomerang, and an expensive one. Mr. Strong's article has been more widely quoted and commented on in the labor and reform press of the country than has any other article ever before published in The Arena. Thousands of people have been set thinking by his recital of facts and the conclusions they point to. In fact, it is already evident that this blow at the black list will prove a most material factor in the elimination of this particular barbarity from our industrial warfare. An interesting statement of the employers' side of the question, in the shape of a reply to Mr. Strong's article, has been furnished to the Arena by a prominent railway official and will appear in an early issue.

P. T.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE JAPANESE SOUL

He who has once tasted the flavor of Lafcadio Hearn's studies of Japanese life and thought, knows a new sensation and craves it anew, looking eagerly for every fresh word from this man who, more than any other in our generation, has penetrated the very heart of this subtle Eastern life. Like many another who has fallen under the spell, he has elected to dwell among the people of this country where art is at its highest,—in many phases is a part of the national life, with the natural result in a gentleness, a courtesy, a refinement, that mark even the commonest worker. A profound student of their literature and philosophy, his years of professorship in the Imperial University at Tokio, have given him minutest knowledge of the workings of the Eastern mind. This means time and labor, for Eastern mental processes are by no means those of the West, nor can the Oriental be judged by the hard and fast lines of Western thought. An equally reverent student of their religion and its real bearing on the life of the people, this fact has opened to him all doors from those of the priesthood down, thus giving him a knowledge no mere proselyter could ever obtain. In short, his singularly delicate and comprehensive sympathies have made him, for the time being, one with the thought he would interpret, and in each successive volume, one comes into closer and closer touch with the life of this marvelous people, whose idealism is the hope of the regeneration of China.

The papers composing this volume ("Exotics and Retrospectives," by Lafcadio Hearn, 12mo, pp. 299, \$1.50, Little, Brown & Co., Boston) appear, save one, for the first time, and the author speaks of them as merely intimations of the truth they seek partially to define; "the curious analogy existing between certain teachings of evolutionary psychology and

certain teachings of Eastern faith, particularly the Buddhist doctrine that all sense life is karma, and all substance only the phenomenal result of acts and thoughts." This modern and, as it were, compulsory search for the soul of the atom, brings the scientific man into strange and unexpected company,—that of the mystics and seers of all ages, but most of all into that dim antiquity in which Buddhism saw the light, and testified then as now that all things are convertible, and all born of thought.

The sacred mountain Fuji-no-Yama is the subject of an exquisite piece of descriptive writing introducing the volume. The mountain itself and its wondrous beauty have been one of the mainsprings of Japanese art. To ascend it at least once is the duty of every religious pilgrim, and thus remotest Japan knows it no less than the cities at its base. It is climbed by any and all methods the pilgrim can devise, often on all fours, and here and there by long ladders; for this twelve thousand, five hundred feet, the upper part as shifting and uncertain as Vesuvius, means courage and endurance to even the most experienced climber. The author records every phase of the adventure in notes made as he climbed, and ends the record with a protest against the hideous ugliness of the cone when close at hand. From a hundred miles away, it appears in the soft haze of spring weather, as the opening snowy petals of the bud of the sacred lotus, and he adds "No spot in the world can be more atrociously dismal than the cindered tip of the lotus as you stand upon it."

"But," he goes on, "the view—the view for a hundred leagues—and the light of the far, faint, dreamy world, and the fairy vapors of morning, and the marvelous wreathings of cloud; all this, and only this, consoles me for the labor and the pain. Other pilgrims, earlier climbers,—poised upon the highest crag, with faces turned to the tremendous east,—are clapping their hands in Shinto prayer, saluting Day. The immense poetry of the moment enters into me with a thrill. I know that the colossal vision before me has already become a memory ineffable,—a memory of which no luminous detail can fade till the hour when thought itself must fade, and the dust of these eyes be mingled with the dust of the

myriad million eyes that also have looked, in ages forgotten before my birth, from the summit supreme of Fuji to the Rising of the Sun."

There follow under the head of "Exotics" five chapters, those on "Insect Musicians," and on "Frogs," giving charming pictures of child life and curious folk-lore, as well as the literature of frog life, for it has a literature and naturally, since the frog song belongs to the spring, and spring, in turn, belongs to lovers, so that the connection may at once be traced.

In the second portion of the volume we have ten titles, every one of them full of suggestion. The essay on "Beauty is Memory," has a strong passage bearing on humanity culture for a specific end, that of making life easier as well as nobler :

"Representing higher evolution, the phenomenon termed beauty also represents a relatively superior fitness for life, a higher ability to fulfil the conditions of existence ; and it is the non-conscious perception of this representation that makes the fascination. The longing aroused is not for any mere abstraction, but for greater completeness of faculty as means to a natural end. To the dead within each man, beauty signifies the presence of what they need most,— power. They know in despite of Lethe, that when they lived in comely bodies life was usually made easy and happy for them, and that when prisoned in feeble or in ugly bodies, they found life miserable or difficult. They want to live many times again in sound young bodies,—in shapes that assure force, health, joy, quickness to win, and energy to keep the best prizes of life's contest. They want, if possible, conditions better than any of the past, but in no event conditions worse."

Space limits forbid the extracts one would gladly make at every turn. No one who would have full comprehension of the art and life of this extraordinary people can afford not to own this and all other volumes in which Mr. Hearn records the growth of his own knowledge and the depth of his convictions. The beautiful make-up of the present one is an added pleasure in this day of cheap book-making; paper, print, and cover being all worthy of the work they enshrine.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

**GOD'S
REBEL**

Hulbert Fuller's new story, "God's Rebel" (cloth, 373 pp., \$1.25, Regan Publishing House, Chicago) is a stirring portrayal of the economic conditions of the day, and a vigorous appeal for social reform. The author does not hesitate to declare, through the voice of his hero, that organized Christianity has been for seventeen hundred years on the side of the oppressor and against the oppressed. So also are many universities, political economists, and sociologists, even Herbert Spencer. But the times are changing. The selfish capitalist has had his day, and the "Saviour Oil Company"—"the light of the world"—as well as that great monopoly, the department store, are here described in the light of the cruel oppression which they have caused. Private capital is declared "a gigantic sponge." The sufferings of capital's slaves are graphically portrayed, though not in a pessimistic spirit; for the author suggests a remedy, and his chief object is to stimulate thought. The book will, therefore, appeal to the rational student of social reform, and cannot fail to touch the heart of the true humanitarian.

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**AN
EXPOSURE**

All students of mental healing, and all who are interested in eliminating Christian Science fanaticism from the metaphysical movement, will welcome "An English View of Christian Science: An Exposure," by Anne Harwood, (paper, 96 pp., Fleming H. Revell Co., New York). The author is a school-teacher who, wearied and nervous from over-work, was advised to take treatment of a Christian Scientist. The treatment not only failed, but proved to be chiefly a money-making scheme and advertisement for Mrs. Eddy's book, which the author was obliged to read to the exclusion of all other literature. One discovery followed another, until the author rejected the entire doctrine as utterly fraudulent; based on extravagant stories of healing, and the alleged "revelation" and divinity of Mrs. Eddy. Her exposure is typical of the calm, rational mind which is too sensible to be duped, and one whose religious sense is too strong

to accept a miserable, irreverent counterfeit. One cannot help wishing that the author had consulted a New Thought healer instead of a Christian Scientist, that she might have learned the truth in mental healing. Publications of this sort are, however, very much needed, to open the eyes of those who blindly and reverently worship Mrs. Eddy. The only wonder is not that the author is disgusted with Christian Science, but that the doctrine has so long deceived equally thoughtful minds. Miss Harwood's booklet deserves widespread circulation, and can be unqualifiedly recommended as moderate, unprejudiced, and of particular value because of its sound religious spirit.

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**TWO
SPIRITUAL
MESSAGES**

The "Message from the Silence," by the late Joseph R. Jackson (Washington, D. C., Society of Silent Worship, paper, 25 cents), enters the world stamped with dignified earnestness which springs from a "soul yearning to serve, and with a heart tender toward all humanity." If for no other reason, the pamphlet is highly commendable for its unflinching attitude toward the sex question in and out of the marriage relation; an attitude based on laws of justice, nature, and the effect upon offspring of harbored thought. "Sensation for gratification on the sex plane is the greatest enemy of the race today. . . . The sacredness of motherhood and fatherhood makes matrimony a most holy relation, and the propagation of children . . . a holy sacrament. . . . As it is, a multitude no man can number enter the state of matrimony drawn by animal magnetism. . . . Let the husbands of this land sit down and do some serious thinking." To realize the ideals of the book, to hasten the dawn of a better era, the author emphasizes the need of stilling the outer nature and listening to the higher self. The same inspiring spirit speaks through another pamphlet by the same author, ("Where Is He?" paper, 189 pp. 50 cents), which voices an earnest belief in continued spiritual progression after death. The argument is based on visions which the author attributes to advanced spirits in the next phase of life, and inculcates a doctrine of

gradual spiritual evolution which the author believes is to be the religion of the twentieth century. The message thus given is of a much more rational type than the common run of spiritistic literature, and is particularly emphatic in its belief in the power and beauty of love.

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**RUSSIAN
IMPERIALISM**

In "Slav or Saxon," W. D. Foulke (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, paper, 141 pp., \$1.00), has very forcibly presented the dangers which threaten the world on account of the aggressive policy of Russia. The author presents a careful study of the territory, people, militarism, conquests, plans, and despotism of Russia, and discovers only a deep-laid scheme in the policy of disarmament, since Russia would profit by a few years' truce, and finally sweep down upon China and other weak nations. "Let no man blindly trust that a despotism whose history is reeking with deceit, iniquity, and outrage, is to be the messiah of a new gospel of peace," he writes; "by every lover of freedom the Russian autocracy must be regarded as the common enemy of all mankind. . . . The duty is imperative to join together and stay the aggressions of the colossal empire. . . . Let us take our place by the side of England in the forefront of the struggle for the preservation of liberty throughout the world."

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MIND CURE

In "Phrenopathy, or Rational Mind Cure" (published by the author, Bangor, Me., cloth, 48 pp., \$1.00). C. W. Close has set forth what seems to him the fundamental principles of spiritual science, as applied to the healing of disease, the development of individuality, and the understanding of self. The author also endeavors to trace the connection between mind and body. His statement of the mental healing philosophy will therefore appeal to many who cannot accept the abstract system of spiritual therapeutics, and will be especially helpful to those who have made Mr. Close's acquaintance as a magazine writer upon the *New Thought*.

H. W. D

MARKED PASSAGES

In a pleasing book of short stories (New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert; cloth, 219 pp., gilt top, \$1.00), Miss Jeanne G. Pennington argues for the habit of marking passages in books. A collection of much-marked books is placed in a hospital library; the effects of certain passages read by individual patients form the plots for five of the nine sketches. The author has certainly proved that the book marker is neither a "sentimentalist nor an egoist," but holds the opportunity of pressing home to succeeding readers forceful thoughts which might otherwise escape notice. Aside from this argument, the reader's interest centers in the author's broadly optimistic spirit which quickens the higher nature and produces a most happy effect. One lives in close touch with the characters, who appeal to the truly human side. Without being philosophical, the book thus offers fundamental truths to readers who would not seek them in a heavier class of literature. Among readers of this type "Some Marked Passages" will have a deservedly large sale.

* * *

EQUAL RIGHTS

Although there are many startling statements in "The Rights of Women and the Sexual Relation" (From the German of Karl Heinzen, Chicago, C. H. Kerr & Co., 400 pp., cloth, \$1.00; paper 50 cents), one cannot fail to recognize the ethical spirit which prompted the author of this straight-forward examination of the relations of the sexes. The interest centers about the discussion of points in the moral code which are incompatible with the democratic spirit. "The human being *per se*, . . . the sovereign individual has never been recognized in woman." "Because a woman cannot be a man, must she be less a human being and a citizen than a man?" The chapters on morality, adultery, and divorce provoke many questions which the author does not satisfactorily solve. One agrees with him when he says, "It is immoral to disregard the equal rights of the other sex; to abuse it for selfish ends; to falsify or to confuse the ends

of nature; to degrade the sexual relation simply to a means for frivolously satisfying the senses or for low speculation." But one cannot assent to the dangerous doctrine of unlimited union and separation in marriage. The main point of one's disagreement is with the author's characterization of the sex nature and its function; for a far higher solution of the difficulty has been proposed, namely, transmutation, the application to the sex nature of the great law of the physical world whereby a lower form of energy may be lifted to a higher plane.

A. R. D.

* * * *

"The Co-opolitan," by Zebina Forbush, is a story of the coöperative commonwealth of Idaho, the purpose of which is to show what can be accomplished in America by industrial coöperation. The story is carried forward to 1917, and is a very hopeful picture of the changes which are supposed to take place during the next twenty years. (Paper, 34 pp., 25 cents, C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

"Scientific Lessons in Being" by Edith A. Martin (two booklets, 25 cents each, Unity Tract Society, Kansas City). The spirit of these lessons in the theory of mental healing is broad and helpful, although the philosophy is in large degree the same abstraction long ago rejected by advanced followers of the metaphysical movement, namely, that there is only omnipresent good, consequently "Sin, sickness, and death are non-presence, the unreality . . . there is no evil, there is no matter . . . There is no sin, no sickness, no death."

"The Starlight Calendar," compiled by Kate Sanborn (cloth, 16 mo., \$1.25, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) is an excellent series of particularly apt quotations many of which are from the best living English and American authors, whose messages of hope and of faith in immortality make the volume one of the most cheering compilations yet issued.

H. W. D.

PRESS OPINIONS.

Lawler (La.) Dispatch: We were indeed, agreeably surprised last week, to receive the October number of the Arena, the suspension of which had been announced. The Arena is now under the editorial management of Paul Tyner, a writer of wide experience and strong principles. The Arena should receive the hearty support of the American people, as it is battling for principles that should never die.

Michigan Christian Advocate: The Arena, whose publication was expected to cease with the October number, has passed into new hands. The hope is, that with a change of editors and with some new features of management, a magazine of this sort, liberal in religion, radical in politics, vehement in its opposition to social wrongs, friendly toward occultism, could find support. This is a second re-organization and promises well. The new editor is Paul Tyner. There is a field for a monthly of this nature.

Boston Home Journal: The "monthly review of social science" edited by Paul Tyner and bearing the name of the Arena, is very much like the former Arena in style, make-up, and contents. This is doubtless well, for the Arena, as it was, achieved fame worthily as a progressive, yet thoughtful, magazine. The leading articles of the new number are "America and the European Concert," by Frank E. Anderson; "Bimetallism and Democracy," by William W. Allen, and "Why the Indians Break Out," explained by Alice Rollins Crane. The editor's "Under the Rose" has a flavor of its own and is pleasant reading.

Boston Post: This month's Arena is the first issued under the new management. It is edited by Mr. Paul Tyner. This number of the Arena contains the usual array of articles upon political and scientific subjects. There is a poem by Charlotte Perkins Stetson, entitled "Up and Down," while a picture of the author forms the frontispiece. With an editor just from the breezy western part of our country the Arena should show an increase of vigor and force, and the readers will watch for novelties and interesting subjects in the future.

Toledo (Ohio) Blade: The Arena, which, it was said, would cease to exist with October, comes to the fore again in different hands, though somewhat late in the month. John Clark Ridpath has ceased to be its editor,

and Paul Tyner takes his place. It is intended to make it the arena for the fair discussion, by those qualified, of the problems of the day, with the object, as is declared, "of developing and emphasizing the true American spirit, its purposes, powers, and privileges."

Rochester (N. Y.) Times: The reading public, and especially the lovers of reform, will be glad to know that the Arena is again on its feet, with the evidence of increased vigor and usefulness. The name of John Clark Ridpath, as editor, will be missed by many with regret, but the new editor, Mr. Tyner, has a long and enviable record as a journalist, sociologist, and reformer, and the first issue of the Arena edited by him, the October number (necessarily delayed in making its appearance) gives promise of fully meeting the expectations of those who believe in true Democracy.

Atchison (Mo.) Journal: The many friends of the Arena will be glad to learn that Paul Tyner, of Denver, editor of the Temple, and one of the best reform writers in the country, has purchased a controlling interest in the magazine, and the first issue under his charge is in no way inferior to the old Arena. It deserves the support of every advocate of reform in politics, and, if we are not very greatly mistaken in the temper of the man, we shall have less of the vindictive spirit of controversy than has been the rule with former editors of the magazine, and more of the spirit of "come let us reason together" in its utterances.

Argus and Patriot. Montpelier, (Vt.). After a brief suspension, the Arena appears again, this time edited by Paul Tyner. The new editor is a western man, with experience in newspaper work, and a trained student of economic questions. He proposes to make the Arena such a magazine as its original founder intended, and that it shall not be bound to any sect, class, or clique. There are several valuable papers in the November number that give promise that he will carry out his purposes.

Kennebec Journal, Augusta (Me.): With the current number the Arena appears under the editorial management of Paul Tyner, who with an experience of nearly twenty years in the newspaper field, is well qualified for the important duties as editor of this magazine.

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From the German of Karl Heinzen. The first part of this remarkable book was published in Boston a few years ago, and ran through two editions quickly. Soon after, the publisher failed and the book was withdrawn from the market. It is now reissued, together with the second part, never before published in English. The two parts make a volume of about 400 pages, which will be welcomed by all who care for a frank and radical discussion of the questions indicated by the title. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

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